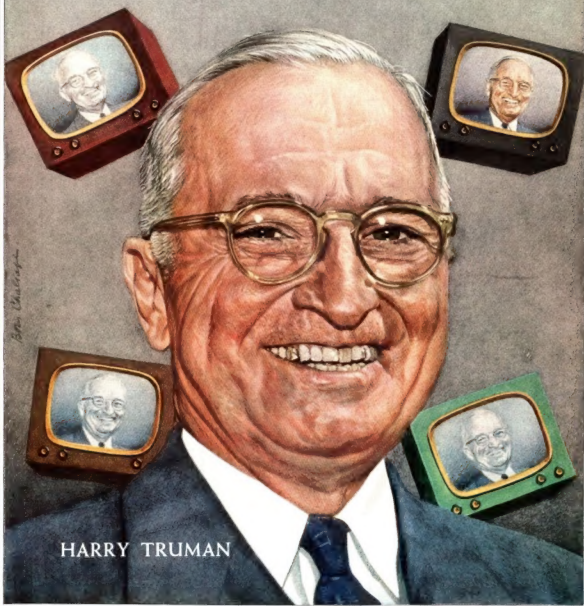


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AUGUST 13, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



HARRY TRUMAN

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSN 0040-1609

VOL. LXVIII NO. 7

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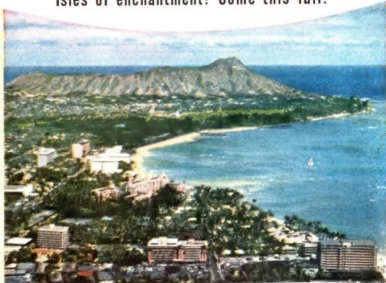
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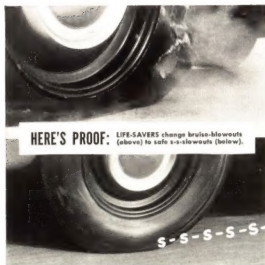
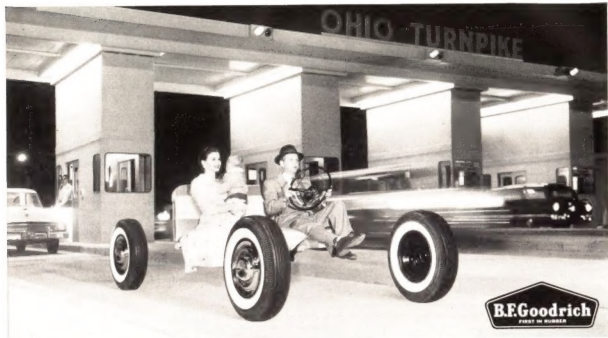


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LETTERS

A Note for the Keynote

Sir: In regard to Tennessee's Governor Frank Good Clement's comment [July 23] on the Eisenhower Administration: "A fantastic political Disneyland . . . half-informed, with a half-thought-out program, half-carried-out, half in the hands of a half-time, half-hearted President." Governor Clement left out one important "half" statement: that the Eisenhower Administration is just nearing its half-way mark.

MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR

Birmingham, Mich.
What's an Issue?

Sir: I'll vote for Eisenhower, but I'm getting thoroughly disgusted with the way fly-livered Republicans hide their heads in shame and horror every time the Democrats make an issue out of what shouldn't amount to a row of pins.

C. THORNDIKE

Warwick, R.I.
Health & the Presidency

Sir: Now that the Democrats have ruled that good health is the prime requisite for a candidate for the presidency, how about letting the public see the complete and detailed physical examinations on Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Hariman and Mr. Kefauver? They all look a little run-down to me. Ike has passed his physical; let's see how these other candidates stack up.

BILL MORROW

Hollywood

Sir: It is unfortunate that in your July 16 discussion of regional ileitis and the President's outlook after his operation you did not mention the extremely important factor of age. My own recent book on regional enteritis (ileitis) cited, with approval, [Dr. Ward] Van Patter's figures from the Mayo Clinic to the effect that the rate of recurrence is less in patients 51 years of age and older.

FREDERICK F. BOYCE, M.D.

Tulane University
New Orleans

The President & Prestige

Sir: I am completely bewildered when confronted by the statements of Mrs. E. W. Einhellig "... like one of the poorest excuses for a President we ever had. Our (U.S.) prestige

has never been lower [July 16]." Had Mrs. Einhellig seen, as I did, the shock and apprehension that blanketed Copenhagen, Denmark when Mr. Eisenhower was stricken, she would have realized that true prestige, of a country or a man, is not created by a bell-couse attitude or a palm full of silver.

HAROLD ROBERT CARTER

Paris

Sir: You just can't know what a comfort it is to those of us living out here in the world today to have folks like Mrs. Einhellig in such key spots as Greeley, Kans. to keep us informed of our world prestige.

MARY MARGARET LEWIS

Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland

Sir: I agree with Mrs. E. W. Einhellig of Greeley, Kans. wholeheartedly.

(Mrs.) HAROLD SCHONEMAN

Edwardsville, Kans.

That Portrait

Sir: May one compliment you on the outstanding painting for your July 16 cover? Apart from my strong personal prejudice in favor of your subject, I, as a painter, am intensely appreciative of the very fine work by your artist James Chapin.

MONIQUE BAYLIN

New York City

Sir: I like the cover portrait of Adlai—kind of blurry and dreamy-eyed like what he stands for.

ELIZABETH BAWDAIN

St. Helena, Calif.

The Company They Keep

Sir: I was quite interested in the results of the survey of college professors who read *TIME* [July 23]. I would be even more interested to learn how many died-in-the-wool Democrats like me read *TIME* each week, write in silent anger, vow to cancel their subscriptions, and then camp by the mailbox waiting for the next issue.

FRANCIS T. BRESNAHAN

Newburyport, Mass.

Recognition

Sir: Your July 16 issue said goodbye to Harvard's Mr. Chips, witty University Professor

Zachariah Chafee. Perhaps you would not have been quite so kind if you had not been aware of "Zach's" goodbye to you in one of his last classes at the Law School. In describing *LIFE* and *TIME*, he said: "Everyone knows those two magazines—you know, the one for people who can't read and the one for the people who can't think."

ELLIOTT H. STONE

Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

Math & Ticktacktoe

Sir: Having taught college mathematics for several years, the writer is familiar with the situation described in your July 28 article and heartily approves any attempt to improve it. One of the illustrations is not clear: "For every x and y , if the cost of a book is $2y - 3$ dollars, then the total cost of $7x$ such books is $7x - 21$ dollars." No relationship between x and y is given, and the question is impossible both abstractly and concretely. Or are we to assume that $x = 2y - 3$? It looks as if your Education editor might be among those for whom it is proposed to reform the teaching of mathematics.

F. A. LEE JR.

Lynchburg, Va.

Q *TIME's* Education editor points out that the equation is an exercise in literal notation. The answer is: $14xy - 21x$ dollars.—ED.

Refreshing Omission

Sir: Many thanks for your omission of that highly overrated hole in the ground, the "Grand" Canyon, from your July 23 spread on National Parks.

MARK LIEBERMAN

Paterson, N.J.

Live to Be 100

Sir: Thank you for the fine article on the medical aspects of old age [July 23]. I wish now you would put your experts on another phase of the problem: When Should a Person Be Retired?

CHESTER WARREN QUIMBY

Wickliffe, Ky.

Q For "The Older Worker: The U.S. Must Make Better Use of Him" see *TIME*, Oct. 19, 1953.—ED.

Sir:

Gerontologist Cowdrey's warning, "Don't fall for that old vegetarian routine, it'll kill you!" may be sound, but comes too late to save me. I am 76, blood pressure 120/80, never felt better and I have only eaten meat twice since 1885.

DON H. DUFFIE, M.D.

Central Lake, Mich.

How to Handle an Actor

Sir: Thank you, *TIME*! Both your article on Rex Harrison and cover picture covering *My Fair Lady* are perfect likenesses. Reading the article is to renew exactly the same warm and happy feeling one had on leaving the theater that, after all, this is a good world to be in and we are lucky to be here.

J. A. LLOYD HYDE

New York City

Sir:

"José Ferrer, then playing in *The Silver Whistle*, went to six matinees in a row, explaining: 'I've been in this business a long time, and Rex Harrison is the only actor doing comedy that I can learn from.'" At the time Rex Harrison was playing in *Bell, Book*

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and *Candle*, I was not playing in *The Silver Whistle*. I have only seen one performance of *Bell, Book and Candle*, and I have never, at any time in my life, said anything remotely resembling the quote attributed to me. My admiration for Mr. Harrison is unbounded, but as for being the only actor from whom I could learn comedy, I like to think I learn something every time I set foot in a theater.

JOSÉ FERRER

Universal City, Calif.

Turkey & Cyprus

Sir:

I have just read "Another Country Heard From" in your July 16 issue. No human or divine law can give Turkey's totalitarian-minded Adnan Menderes the prerogative to object on grounds of security to self-determination rights being granted to 400,000 people living on an island more than 40 miles off Turkish shores. By the same, strange logic, suggestive of Adolf Hitler's *Lebensraum* dogma, France should object to the geographical proximity of the British Isles and the U.S.S.R. to Turkish sovereignty over the Dardanelles.

And if it be true that "the day may come when Turkey and Britain will want to act in the Middle East, and Greece will not," would it not be more to the mutual interests of Turkey and Britain for Mr. Menderes to invite Sir Anthony Eden to build a base on the secure soil of Turkey?

HOMER W. DAVIS
President

Athens College
Athens, Greece

Sir:

The statement of Premier Menderes of Turkey is absolutely right in that "British retreat from Cyprus would cause international disaster." The withdrawal of Britain from the island will create an immediate disaster which is what the Soviet wants.

ALI R. NIJASI

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dublin's Mayor (Contd.)

Sir:

A George A. Floris of London suggests that, because Christian Dublin has elected a Jew as its lord mayor, Israelis should "stop campaigning against the . . . Christian missionaries in their midst [July 30]." Has it occurred to Mr. Floris that perhaps one reason why there is such good will in Dublin is that there are no Jewish missionaries in Ireland trying to convert the Christians to Judaism?

AVRAM DAVIDSON

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

I wonder if Dubliners would have selected Mr. Briscoe had he been a Protestant?

JAMES NICHOLSON

New York City

Monroe's Rival

Sir:

As an addendum to your May 14 cover story on Marilyn Monroe, you may be delighted to have brought to your attention that the 18th century had its own Monroe, Dorothy, a beauty of the day celebrated for similar endowments. In thanking his friend Lord Clare for the gift of a haunch of venison, Oliver Goldsmith licked his chops and said:

*Of the neck and the breast I had
next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that
might rival Monroe's . . .*

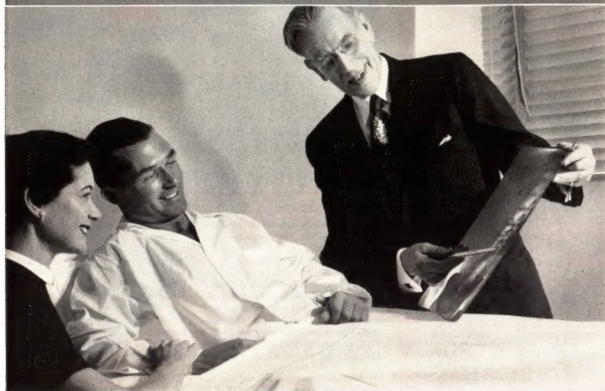
WALTER E. ANDERSON

Sarasota, Fla.

5

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Invoking Moral Force

While British and French troops moved to the alert in the tense Suez Canal crisis, the U.S. last week took a firm stand for moderation. In one of the most unusual gambles in diplomatic history, the President and the Secretary of State proposed to confront Egypt's President Nasser with the pressures of moral law, then stood back to await the consequences.

Flying home from conferences with the British and French in London (see *FOREIGN NEWS*), Dulles radiotelephoned to the White House a request to report to the nation on the crisis. Seven hours after touchdown, he sat before the TV cameras in the President's office, listened attentively while the President introduced him. Said Dwight Eisenhower: "All of us . . . were vastly disturbed when Colonel Nasser a few days ago declared that Egypt intended to nationalize the Suez Canal Company."

"**Fancied Grievances.**" In schoolmaster fashion, Dulles spelled out the ABCs of the situation. The Suez Canal was by far the world's busiest waterway. It was open by international agreement at all hours to all vessels, and was vital to the West. Nasser had recognized the international status of the waterway only a couple of years ago, but now Nasser had nationalized the Canal Company "for purely selfish purposes."

"President Nasser . . . said that Egypt was determined to score one triumph after another in order to enhance what he called 'the grandeur of Egypt.' And he coupled his action with statements about his ambition to extend his influence from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf . . . His seizure of the Canal Company was an angry act of retaliation against fancied grievances."

"**No Commitments.**" As such, said Dulles, Nasser's exploitation of the canal was "inadmissible." To let the seizure "go unchallenged would be to encourage a breakdown of the international fabric upon which the security and the well-being of all peoples depend. And the question, Mr. President, as we've agreed, is not whether something should be done about this Egyptian act—but what should be done about it."

Dulles explained, in effect, that by taking a position of moderation the U.S. was restraining "some people who counseled immediate forcible action," i.e., the Brit-

ish and the French. On Dulles' urging, the U.S., Britain and France had agreed instead to convene a 24-nation conference of nations principally affected by the canal seizure (including Russia and Egypt, excluding Israel) to negotiate what he carefully termed "an adequate and dependable international administration of the canal on terms which would respect, and generously respect, all the legitimate

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Thing I Should Try"

In the White House lobby one morning last week, a squad of newsmen latched on to Ike's personal physician, Major General Howard Snyder, with the No. 1 question in the public mind since the President underwent intestinal surgery on June 9: How is he doing? They knew that Dr.



SECRETARY DULLES REPORTING ON SUEZ
To an angry act, a calculated reply.

Associated Press

rights of Egypt." But what if Nasser chose not to heed the moral forces of the conference, even to attend it? Said Dulles: "We have given no commitments at any time as to what the U.S. would do in that unhappy contingency . . . I believe that by this conference we will invoke moral forces which are bound to prevail."

Dulles' moderation line blunted the demands of the British and the French for direct, quick retaliation against Egypt. But by taking its stand, the U.S. had for better or worse assumed the leadership in the tense situation. Should the force of law bring an effective settlement in the Middle East, the favorable repercussions would be of sweeping significance. But a failure—or any effort to let Nasser go his way unrepentant—would be a tremendous blow to the Eisenhower-Dulles policy and to U.S. prestige everywhere.

Snyder and two colleagues—Major General Leonard D. Heaton, who performed the operation, and Colonel Thomas W. Mattingly, the Walter Reed heart specialist—had just put their patient through a new physical examination. Summed up old (75) Doc Snyder: The President "is in fine shape." His electrocardiogram shows "no deterioration" of the heart. His weight is between 162 lbs. and 163 lbs., and "doing O.K." (but, said Snyder for the first time, the President's weight actually dropped to 157½ lbs. after the operation). In the fall campaign he "will be able to do as much as he would have without this [ileitis] attack."

Ninety minutes later, as Ike strode into the Indian Treaty Room of the old State Department Building for his first press conference in eight weeks, an overflow (311) crowd of reporters craned their

heads to see for themselves. The President, dressed in a lightweight grey suit, looked more fleshed-out than during his Gettysburg convalescence, but still seemed thin.

Clinical Detachment. There was no pussyfooting about the questions—or Ike's replies. Almost every facet of his health was canvassed, including the question of when he expected to feel well enough to play golf again (early October*), and reports that his ileitis had left him with a debilitating dysentery ("No, as a matter of fact, they warned me that I should have a little of that and I never did"). As for the possibility of a relapse, Ike cited his doctors' opinions that in older men the chances were small; of the four other known cases in people his age, there was no recurrence. On the basis of his progress until now, he had no doubt whatsoever of his ability to continue as President for another four years.

Ike's command of himself and his audience was forceful, sure, and accented by

though anxious to return him to office, "feel you have done enough for the nation, and they are afraid that you won't last out; they are afraid you won't live for another four years."

The point, probing to Ike's deepest motives in seeking re-election, elicited an unhesitating and memorable response: "Well, sir, I would tell you frankly, I don't think it is too important to the individual how his end comes, and certainly he can't dictate the time. What we are talking about here is the importance to the country, and it happens that at this moment the Republican Party apparently thinks I am still important to them and to the country, and since I believe so much in the Republican Party, and I believe that it needed rebuilding so badly, an effort which I have been making, as you well know, I said I would continue to try. But this is a decision that the American people are going to have to face. . . I have made up my mind this is the thing I should try, and we will see what the

AGRICULTURE

Soil Bank: A Winning Bet

The American farmer, as canny a speculator as ever cashed a three-horse parlay, hemmed and hawed about the new soil-bank program served up by Congress in late May, consulted his form charts and then made his decision: a heavy bet on the soil bank to win. Last week, the deadline for the 1956 signup past, the Agriculture Department reported that nearly 500,000 farmers had agreed to take 10,720,749 acres out of production, would thereby reap a cash harvest of \$225 million in Government payments come fall. The 1956 bank balance more than satisfied Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, who had reckoned the total might be as little as 8,000,000 acres.

Because of election-year congressional wrangling (*TIME*, April 16 *et seq.*), the bank had got off to a late start. Most winter wheat was waving in the breezes, and most corn farmers saw more chance



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT HIS PRESS CONFERENCE

"We will see what the American people have to say about it."

a remarkable candor. Only once did he hesitate—when recalling how he felt after his operation. "You must remember," he said, "I was in . . ." Then, rejecting the next, obvious word—pain—Eisenhower continued with combat-tested detachment: "I was having a pretty rough ride there for two or three days, [but] from that day on, I have improved every day." His insistence on candor took him farther. "Now," he observed wryly, "I feel good," but not as "well as I did a year ago at this time."

Question of Death. The moment of high drama came almost at the end. Even the correspondents sucked in their breath as the *Chicago Daily News's* William McGuffin raised an issue never before put to a President in public. Many of Ike's old friends in Gettysburg, said McGuffin, al-

American people have to say about it."

Last week the President also:

✓ Approved, with an exultant statement, the Administration-backed customs-simplification bill passed by Congress in its final week. The new law, said the President, marks the achievement of all the principal recommendations for customs overhauling made in 1954 by the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy chaired by Steelman Clarence Randall.

✓ Approved a \$2.1 billion military-construction bill vetoed in an earlier form because he thought that Congress had overstepped by requiring the Defense Department to check back with Congress on certain missiles and housing programs. On the second go-around, Congress dropped its most objectionable demand: control over the Talos missiles program.

✓ Conferred, for about 45 minutes, with Australia's square-rigged Prime Minister Robert G. Menzies, on his way home from the British Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference.

for profit in raising crops for the guaranteed support prices of \$1.50 a bushel under acreage control or \$1.25 for over-allotment corn. Then came the drought. Fiery winds seared crops in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. Farmers looked at their parched and wilted fields, bled themselves off to the soil bank, signed on the dotted line and went back home to plow their stunted crops into the earth.

Soil-bank payments will begin in September or October, and they will pour into the hardest-hit areas in the pivotal Midwestern states; e.g., Iowa stands to get about \$39 million, Nebraska some \$32 million. Certainly the Republicans would have been in trouble without the soil bank, but with it these normally Republican states seem likely to stay that way. Most farmers like the idea of the soil bank; they clearly identify it with the Eisenhower Administration. They believe it is good for the land, good for income, and the first hopeful attack they have yet seen on the haunting problem of surpluses.

* At week's end he jumped the gun by going four holes at Burning Tree Country Club with his son, Major John Eisenhower, was later reported by Assistant Press Aide Murray Snyder to have "felt fine."

DEMOCRATS

The Libertyville Express

Adlai Stevenson's Libertyville Express rolled onto the main line for Chicago last week, and headed down the tracks with throttle widened and lights blinking green ahead as far as the eye could see. Only an earth-shaking derailment could keep Stevenson from rolling right into the nomination next week—probably on the first ballot.

Things began to go Adlai's way right after Estes Kefauver retired from the presidential race and attached his little red caboose to the end of Stevenson's impressive string of delegate cars (including a few sleepers). After canvassing the 54 delegations bound for the convention (see box), TIME correspondents reported results at week's end that added up to this first-ballot total (with 686½ needed to nominate):

Adlai Stevenson: 666½
Averell Harriman: 178
Favorite Sons & Others: 357½
Fence Sitters: 170

Counting the Stevenson leaners and potential switchmen, Stevenson could emerge from the first ballot with more than 900 votes.

Veterans Together. Stevenson's triumphal, whistle-tooting week began when Estes Kefauver called a press conference in the Congressional Room of Washington's venerable Willard Hotel—the same room where he had launched his campaign last December. There, standing by accident beneath an EXIT sign and flanked by grim-faced Manager Florence ("Jiggs") Donohue and onetime Truman Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, Estes sadly read off his statement. Stevenson, "alone with me," fought his way through the primaries, said Estes; Stevenson had polled "over 600,000 votes more than I." Since Estes did not want to see a deadlock at the convention (and, by inference, the possible victory of someone who was not a veteran of the primary wars), he was withdrawing in Stevenson's favor. There were "no deals," He hoped that his delegates (estimated at 260 by Kefauver, at 200 by others) would go along with him.

The Harriman forces were stunned. Harriman had been dickering hard for Kefauver support, had, moreover, been wooing Kefauver delegates. In Chicago when Harriman's national campaign director, Loyd Benefield, got wind of the Kefauver abdication, he worked around the clock to corral Kefauver strays, wound up with some success in such farm states as Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa. Iowa Democratic Chairman Jake More, Kefauverite leader of the 48-man convention delegation, announced that he was switching to Harriman. And by some mysterious magic, Harriman's convention strategist, ex-National Chairman Frank McKinney arrived at the conclusion that Harriman would still get 450 on the first ballot.

There was no such joy in Albany, where



CANDIDATE STEVENSON & MANAGER FINNEGAN
Whoops, hooah-hooah-hooah-hooah?

United Press

2,200 dutiful New York Democrats turned out for a \$50-a-plate Harriman testimonial dinner. Everything seemed off-key. When Rabbi Julius K. Guttman of Troy rose to say the blessing, the hand broke into *Happy Days Are Here Again*, hoped for by Ave and his aides but never received: a message of good will from Harry Truman (see below).

The candidate himself pounded away during the week at his favorite argument: no "moderate" should head the Democratic ticket; only a thoroughgoing, yard-wide New Dealer has a chance to beat Dwight Eisenhower. And only Harriman stands "for the principles of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman, the only principles which will win in

this campaign." (Retorted Stevenson, with an assenting nod from Eleanor Roosevelt: "I protest Mr. Harriman's claim that he has any exclusive rights to those principles.")

Strength Through Desertion. In bowing out for the presidency, Kefauver had added himself to the active list of live vice-presidential possibilities (TIME, Aug. 6)—not so much for the headlines he brought Stevenson at a critical time, but for the strength he left behind him in the critical farm states. In those states—which most Democrats admit they must carry to have a chance in November—Kefauver has the advantage of being a well-known name, of standing for 100% parity for the small farmer, of owning a



EX-CANDIDATE KEFAUVER WITH AIDES DONOHUE & MCGRATH

Walter Bennett

ADLAI'S GLORY ROAD

TIME Correspondents Poll the Delegations

Alabama (26 votes): At least 20 for Stevenson, with two more possible. The others will not vote for any dyankee.

Arizona (16): This is not the year for favorite sons. Arizona is drawing away from Governor Ernest McFarland, will give 16 unit-rule votes to Stevenson.

Arkansas (26): Officially uncommitted, the delegates figure to follow Governor Orval Faubus onto the bandwagon, give 26 unit-rule votes to Stevenson.

California (68): Down the line with Primary Winner Stevenson.

Colorado (20): Last week Harriman was making personal calls to Kefauver delegates, without notable success. The present breakdown: 12½ for Stevenson, five for Harriman, 2½ undecided. Of the fence sitters, one leans to Stevenson, 1½ to Harriman.

Connecticut (20): Solid for Adlai.

Delaware (10): Still uncommitted but, under the unit rule, almost certain for Stevenson.

Florida (28): Stevenson won 22 in the primary. Kefauver six. Of Kefauver's half a dozen, four are leaning to Stevenson, one is for anyone except Stevenson, one is undecided.

Georgia (32): Barring a big civil-rights blowup, 32 for Stevenson.

Idaho (12): Wide open between Stevenson and Harriman. Under the unit rule, the winner takes all.

Illinois (64): Still 49 for Adlai in his home state. The other 15 (previously for Symington) are doggedly anti-Stevenson, may be ready for Harriman plucking, but should be counted as undecided.

Indiana (26): All were bound to Primary Winner Kefauver on the first ballot. The probable post-Kefauver count: 20 for Stevenson, five for Harriman, one for Symington.

Iowa (24): State Chairman Jake More has come out for Harriman, thereby helping Ave pick up the Kefauver pieces, but Iowa's delegation stands 14 for Stevenson, 7½ for Harriman, 2½ undecided.

Kansas (16): Kefauver's withdrawal nailed down the unit-rule delegation for Stevenson.

Kentucky (30): All for Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, who swears he is a bona-fide candidate.

Louisiana (24): Under the unit rule, 24 lukewarm votes for Stevenson.

Maine (14): Governor Edmund Muskie is quietly pro-Adlai, but Stevenson is drooping. Harriman climbing. Now divided 5½ for Adlai, 5½ for Ave, three undecided (of which 1½ lean to Harriman).

Maryland (18): Stevenson is almost certain to pick up Primary Winner Kefauver's 18 unit-rule votes.

Massachusetts (40): Still planning to bide a while with Favorite Son John

McCormack. After the first round, at least 30 should go for Stevenson. As Stevenson comes within close range of the nomination on the first ballot, a Massachusetts switch might be decisive.

Michigan (44): Still with Governor G. Mennen Williams, who might throw the delegation to Stevenson for expediency or to Harriman for principle (Williams and Harriman have both criticized Stevenson's moderation line).

Minnesota (30): Estes Kefauver won 26 votes in the primary with a group of outcasts from the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. Stevenson won four. How Kefauver's delegates will go now is up in the air.

Mississippi (22): Governor J. P. Coleman favors Stevenson, but Mississippi is unlikely to decide until after the civil-rights plank is settled.

Missouri (38): Instructed to stick with Favorite Son Stuart Symington until released. Symington says he will hold the delegation at least through the first ballot. After that: Stevenson.

Montana (16): Delighted to be out from under Primary Winner Kefauver, the Montana delegates now stand 7½ for Stevenson, four for Harriman, 4½ waiting and watching.

Nebraska (12): All for Stevenson.

Nevada (14): In a faction-split state, Harriman is edging up. The present count: six for Ave, four for Adlai, two for Symington, one-half for Lyndon Johnson, 1½ undecided.

New Hampshire (8): In 1952 and 1956 Estes Kefauver made big mileage out of primary wins in little New Hampshire. Now the game is up, and the count stands 5½ for Stevenson, 1½ for Harriman, one uncommitted.

New Jersey (36): New Jersey is ready to throw all its votes to Stevenson, but the safest first-ballot bet remains 36 for Governor Robert Meyner.

New Mexico (16): With Senator Clinton Anderson's widely publicized help for Adlai, probably eleven for Stevenson, five for Harriman.

New York (98): A wan Harriman picks up color with 91½ from his home state, 6½ for Stevenson.

North Carolina (36): Thirty-two for Stevenson, one for Harriman, one for Symington, 1½ undecided—and the hardest-dying one-half vote in the convention for Estes Kefauver.

North Dakota (8): Bereft of Kefauver, undecided but hoping to wind up with the winning candidate.

Ohio (58): For Governor Frank Lausche, 54 restless, probably pro-Stevenson votes; for Stevenson, four.

Oklahoma (28): Staying with Harriman under the unit rule.

Oregon (16): All for Primary Winner Stevenson.

Pennsylvania (74): A big 60 for Stevenson, with 14 to follow the lead, if indicated, of Harry S. Truman.

Rhode Island (16): If Stevenson really shoots for a first-ballot nomination he can get all 16 of Rhode Island's votes, including that of Kefauver Adviser Howard McGrath.

South Carolina (20): All instructed for Governor George Bell Timmerman Jr. They may go later to Stevenson if the delegates approve of the civil-rights plank.

South Dakota (8): Kefauver won the primary; the delegation is looking for a new man, with a majority seeming to favor Harriman, despite the pro-Stevenson influence of Native Son Hubert Humphrey, presently of Minnesota.

Tennessee (32): Now the unit-rule delegation need not even give Tennessee Kefauver a "courtesy" vote (though Estes is a convention delegate). Under the leadership of Governor Frank Clement, the convention keynoter, 32 for Stevenson.

Texas (56): All for Favorite Son Lyndon Johnson. But Lyndon is the boy to release the delegation at the right moment (Permanent Chairman Sam Rayburn of Texas will surely recognize the Lone Star standard at its first wave) and perhaps win credit for putting Stevenson over the top on the first ballot.

Utah (12): Still eight for Stevenson, four for Harriman.

Vermont (6): At least 5½ for Adlai, with a stubborn one-half for Symington.

Virginia (32): A probable early-ballot, unit-rule vote to Lyndon Johnson, with a later swing to Stevenson if the civil-rights plank seems satisfactory.

Washington (26): With Senator Warren Magnuson ready to step out as a favorite son, Washington stands to go 21 for Stevenson, five for Harriman.

West Virginia (24): For Stevenson, 20½; for Harriman, 1½; for Symington, one; undecided, one.

Wisconsin (28): Trying to make a vice-presidential deal for Primary Winner Kefauver, the delegation is still at odds' ends.

Wyoming (14): The delegation shapes up 7½ for Harriman, 4 for Stevenson, one for Symington, 1½ undecided.

Alaska (6): All for Stevenson under the unit rule.

District of Columbia (6): All for Stevenson, who won the primary.

Canal Zone (3): All for Stevenson.

Hawaii (6): Instructed for Stevenson.

Virgin Islands (3): For Stevenson.

Puerto Rico (6): Torn between Probable Winner Stevenson and Governor Harriman of Puerto Rican-populated New York. Undecided.

live, grass-roots organization. Kefauver is not Adlai's type; the Deep South dislikes him and so does his own Tennessee delegation; congressional Democrats disown him. But the power of the November arithmetic is mighty.

Adlai wasn't talking much. He was very grateful to Kefauver for his "gracious, spontaneous expression of support." He thought Kefauver was only one among "many qualified candidates for Vice President." It was a long way from an endorsement of anybody—arithmetic or no. In fact, it was something like a friendly wave from the cab as the engineer rolls along the iron without even having to look at his pocket watch to see what time it is.

The Man of Spirit

[See Cover]

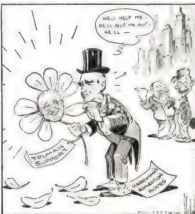
In the two-month wait between the primaries and the real preliminaries of election year 1956, the U.S. voter had a little trouble keeping his eyes open. The U.S. was at peace, its people were more prosperous than ever. President Eisenhower was on the mend, and moderation was the spirit of the day. The voter nodded drowsily while Democratic candidates trudged busily around the country. Last week he woke up with a start to discover that Adlai Stevenson held a runaway lead for the Democratic nomination. And next week even the most somnolent of the U.S.'s 120 million viewers will know full well that the biggest and boomingest and showiest convention extravaganza in the history of national politics is at hand.

The show's star billing will go to the Democratic nominee ("the next President of the Yewnted States"). And the odds are long that he will be a man of moderation. But a moment of rare drama will come when the face of a man with thick glasses, sharp nose, a cocky grin and a jutting jaw appears on the television screen. At that moment Harry S. Truman, 33rd President of the U.S.—the ranking elder statesman (he hates the words) in a party that has not had an active ex-President around since Grover Cleveland—will begin to give 'em hell. Truman's aim: to send his party into the 1956 campaign

with the lusty, brawling, they-can't-beat-us sort of Democracy that Truman himself represents.

Harry Truman will never have seen anything quite like the 1956 convention, which should bug even Chicago's convention-jaded eyes. Into the city, beginning late this week, will stream up to 20,000 convention-goers, led by 2,477 delegates and 1,850 alternates, to jam hotels and motels for 50 miles around. A fantastic corps of 4,000 reporters, pundits, photographers, radio and television performers, spelsmen and technicians (almost double the number in 1952) will swarm around Chicago's International Amphitheatre employing 400 veteran telegraphers to transmit 600,000 words an hour, sending photo plates whirlingbirding from a rooftop heliport, poking television's Cyclopean eye into every nook and cranny of the amphitheatre (see RADIO & TV).

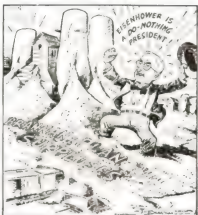
Seats for Thoughts. Oldtime Democrats, accustomed to their party's brawling, disorganized conventions of old, may



Hollend—Chicago Tribune

think for a while that they have walked into the wrong building. Gone will be the traditional broad center aisle, scene of many a wild parade and impromptu caucus; instead, in the interests of good order and discipline, the convention managers have made space for only two side aisles. Gone, Democratic publicists promise, will be the fevered brows and sweat-stained shirts; air-conditioning equipment has been stepped up to a capacity equaling 2,000,000 lbs. of ice daily, will lower the temperature by ten degrees. To replace the backbreaking wooden chairs on the convention floor, the Democratic National Committee has latched onto 2,500 softly cushioned seats from the defunct Paradise Theater—"Thus," says a party publicity puff, "enabling our delegates to concentrate more intently on the very important decisions under consideration."

Best of all, the Democrats will be hiring their hall for almost nothing; most of the rental costs will be met by the promoters of a commercial exhibit called "American Showcase." Delegates can get free shaves at the Ronson booth, pick up free samples of Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola



Jim Berryman—Washington Evening Star

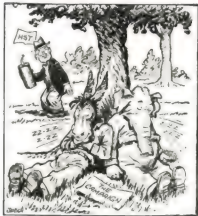
and, from the Norex division of Schenley Industries, Amitone, a relief for acid indigestion (common at conventions).

By the fourth night, Frank Sinatra will long since have warbled the Democrats' new campaign song (still a top secret, it goes under the code name of "Baby Shoes"). Seven Democratic Congresswomen will have orated on family and home and the political issues of the day. The state-by-state roll calls will be over. (To keep up the TV pace, delegations that ask to be polled will be temporarily bypassed on the roll call while the chairman's aide conducts an off-camera canvass.) The convention will have roared with cries of "The man who..." Then, finally, will come Harry Truman's big moment.

Picked for the Job. Harry Truman's appearance has been carefully timed. His role will be vital because, in the era of moderation, a lot of steam has gone out of the Democratic Party. To the party of the common man, an Illinois squire and a New York millionaire have presented themselves as candidates, and the squire has won the lead. In the party that thrives on its never-say-die struggles for power, Estes Kefauver withdrew in the name of "unity." While they approve of moderation, most good Democrats hunger for that old spirit—for the man who, in the convention's last moments, can soar through and above the electronic gadgets, the political gimmicks and the leaden harmony. They need a man who can revive the party's fighting spirit and send the delegates away from the convention believing that their party will win against all of Dr. Gallup's odds.* They have picked Harry Truman to do the job.

A Place in the Party. Today Harry Truman stands higher in Democratic affections than he did when he left office on Jan. 20, 1953. Fondly remembered is the way he met international crises with sharp decision: the atomic bomb, the Berlin blockade, the Marshall Plan, Greek-Turkish aid, Korea. Fading into the mist of memory is the fact that his Administration not only failed to prevent domestic

* Last week's report: 61% for Eisenhower, 37% for Stevenson. In 1952 Eisenhower won with 54.9% of the popular vote.



Jensen—Chicago Daily News

crisis but produced it wholesale: mink coats, Deep Freezes, red herrings, limited war, peacetime recession, agricultural waste, steel seizure. Since he left the White House, Democrats have come to look on Truman as a character, sometimes amusing, always indomitable, certainly admirable, almost always lovable.

Democrats roar when Truman whales away at Dwight Eisenhower: "Any Democrat can beat him." They delight in his jibes at Republicans: "The country needs a Democratic Administration as bad as it ever did in history. [Pause.] No, it couldn't be worse than in 1929." They grin when he describes his talents: "I never was overly blessed with brains, but had a

for as long as a Democrat was in the White House (as it happened, four years).

As a page boy at the Kansas City convention of 1900, 16-year-old Harry joined full-throat in the bedlam when William Jennings Bryan ("He was one of my heroes") stamped his second convention with his silver-tongued, silver-oriented (16 oz. of silver to 1 oz. of gold) oratory. In 1924, then a member of the Jackson County Court under the auspices of hard-knuckled Democrat Boss Tom Pendergast, Politician Truman sat with ears growing numb under his crystal-set earphones. He listened to almost every word of the 14-day, 103-ballot convention in Madison Square Garden (Alabama—"24

of the Bride with gracious dignity, and the entire nation shared his pride and his sadness. He wrote his memoirs and delighted in being called a liar by Douglas MacArthur and Jimmy Byrnes and Henry Wallace and Bernard Baruch and Pat Hurley and Francis Biddle. He also stayed up to his eyeglasses in politics.

By 8 o'clock each morning Harry Truman is tooling his green-and-cream Royal Lancer Dodge through the heavy interurban traffic on Truman Road from Independence to his five-room office in Kansas City's Federal Reserve Bank Building. He keeps three secretaries working full time, spends about \$5,000 a month keeping up with the duties of an ex-President. All his expenses come out of his own pocket, but Truman was one of the few U.S. Presidents to save money in office, has since picked up some handsome fees, e.g., from LIFE and Doubleday for his bestselling memoirs, from King Features for his European series. His main office chores: answering the weekly mail, which ranges from 2,000 to 7,000 letters, autographing his *Memoirs*, and—increasingly with the convention drawing closer—greeting Democratic visitors who troop in to see him—some old friends, some on the make, some on the wane.

Mossy Was Burned. One day late last month, Averell Harriman landed in Kansas City to get a farm-state tour off to a flying start by being photographed with Truman (who has permitted Harriman's aides to use his name in their approaches to delegates). On Harriman's heels was Truman's Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman, a Stevenson leader, arriving for a weekend in Independence; he felt confident that Truman would not try to block Adlai. Two days later Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement, the convention key-noteur who—at 36—has hopes for the vice-presidential nomination, checked into Kansas City. Truman walked over to Clement's Muehlebach Hotel suite, explaining: "I wanted to take an hour or so so we can talk in a peaceful way. My office is full of customers, as you know, all the time."

The next Kansas City caller was Kentucky's Governor "Happy" Chandler, who is absurdly serious about his chances for the presidential nomination. Harry Truman stayed in his office for Chandler, granted him a brief (12 minutes) interview. When newsmen arrived, Truman wagged his finger at the photographers, remarked to Chandler: "I have to fuss at these birds because they punch holes in my rug with those tripods. The Shah of Iran gave me this Persian rug. Old Mossadegh found out that the Shah had given me the rug, and he was burned up."

Had Truman and Chandler talked politics? "Whattayou suppose?" snorted Truman. "Did you ever see two politicians get together without talking politics?" By way of parting small talk, Happy mentioned Truman's relatives in Shelby County, Kentucky. Replied Truman: "My daughter stopped by once to make sure my grandparents were really married." He grinned and added: "And they were."



PHILADELPHIA: 1948
To the rostrum, when it's time to fight.

lot of energy and liked to work." They approve when he lectures parents: "I believe in the woodshed treatment. . . I got plenty of it when I was a boy. I don't know whether it did any good, but I've never been in jail."

Most of all in the Year IV of Dwight Eisenhower, Democrats find cause for hope in the Harry Truman who stood before them at 2 o'clock on the stifling Philadelphia morning of July 15, 1948, and told them how to win an election they were ready to concede to Tom Dewey. "Senator Barkley and I will win this election and make those Republicans like it," cried Truman. "Don't you forget that! We will do that because they are wrong and we are right." That is the Truman the Democratic Party hopes to see next week. It is the Truman who represents the unquenchable Democratic spirit of the past—which the party must rediscover if it is to leave its clearest mark on the present.

Between the Eyes. Missouri's Truman was born and bred in the Democratic whirl. One of his treasured memories is the scene of his father raising the American flag over the house in Independence to celebrate the election of Grover Cleveland in 1892; Fighting Democrat John Truman vowed to keep Old Glory flying

votes for Oscahhh W. Undahhhwood") that finally nominated John W. Davis to run against Cal Coolidge (and Charles G. Dawes). At that convention the governor of Colorado was trampled in a melee, and the convention chairman banged so hard for order that his gavel flew apart, its head striking Delegate Herman Schoerstein squarely between the eyes.

Up to the Eyeglasses. That boisterous Democratic spirit has not flagged in Private Citizen Truman. At 73, his grey hair is thinning, his belt is let out a little (Vietta Garr, the Trumans' longtime cook has orders to hold down on her specialty chocolate pie). Nowadays, without the White House valet to start him out, he sometimes wears his tropical suits a day too long. The white dress shirts of his presidential days have given way to soft sport shirts, the crisp handkerchief is no longer inevitable in his breast pocket.

But he keeps on the go—and he sets a cruel pace. He has traveled to Washington, Manhattan, Hawaii, Chicago, Atlantic City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Des Moines, and, for seven lively weeks, to Europe. At every stopping place he has increased his reputation as a character, whether by calling Richard Nixon an s.o.b. or by calling a general a squirrel-head (TIME, June 4). He acted as Father

Grass Roots. At home in Independence, Harry Truman rests up from his political exercises. The iron fence around the big white house with the gingerbread eaveswork was originally put up by Secret Service men as a security measure; it has been kept to hold out the tourists who flock around the house all day, every day. Mostly, the Trumans stay out of sight, but sometimes of an evening Harry can be seen in the backyard in an aluminum lawn chair, Bess Truman (who has a political mind of her own and is an enthusiastic admirer of Stuart Symington—toward whom Harry is cool) likes to putter around in her small garden. The day she came home from Europe she was out watering the lawn.

Encouraging her husband to work on the lawn (and, incidentally, trim off his extra poundage), Bess bought a new power mower. Every time she asked him to use it, Harry would grunt his agreement, do nothing. Bess kept nagging. One Sunday morning she was putting the breakfast dishes away, when she heard the whir of the mower. Harry Truman was mowing the grass—and waving happily at church-going friends.

Good Episcopalian Bess Truman was horrified, called out to Harry to stop—but he seemed not to hear. Recalls Bess: "I had to walk before the Baptists and the Methodists and tell him to stop cutting the grass on Sunday morning. He grinned at me, shut off the mower, put it in the garage—and he has not cut a blade of grass since that Sunday morning."

Even without the benefits of lawn-mowing exercise, Harry Truman seems in good health, although one of his favorite dishes, chili con carne, has been banned by Dr. Wallace Graham, former White House physician, now a Kansas City surgeon. Bess "almost froze to death" in unheated springtime Europe, now has a touch of arthritis.

Bathroom Phone. Last week Harry Truman walked from his office to the barbershop of Frank Spina, who served as guidon for Captain Harry of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, in World War I. Truman was especially careful about his haircut; he had an appointment in Chicago next week, and he wanted to look his best.

In Chicago Democrats were already coming to life in anticipation of Truman's arrival: a heated dispute was under way over whether he should be met at the station by a white or a black limousine (available for convention use are 150 Fords, 60 Mercurys and, for the VIPs, 15 Lincolns). The consensus, as expressed by a member of the host committee: "Mr. Truman is not Marilyn Monroe. I think he should be met in black."

At the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, Truman will find No. 508, the presidential suite (former occupants: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt and Eisenhower), considerably changed. The old French décor is gone. Now, raves a hotel publicist, there "are vibrant colors. Wood Brown, Bittersweet, Tiger Lily Flame, Cocoa. Now it's really a man's room." In the

men's room of the man's room, close to the bathtub, hangs a private beige telephone. In case of political necessity, Truman can make direct calls to Adlai Stevenson in the privacy of the bathroom of suite 308, or to Averell Harriman in the bathroom of suite 408.

Will Truman ever pick up his phone to try to swing the convention to Old Friend Harriman? The question may have been answered four years ago, when Truman was President and had the power to make or break. In 1952 Candidate Harriman sat disconsolately in his Blackstone suite, eyes glued to his telephone for three days. He was awaiting The Call from Harry—but it never came. "We knew there would

REPUBLICANS

The Lost Chord

The White House staff bristled warily when Harold Stassen telephoned to ask for an appointment with the President. The deep, dark, staff-level suspicion: Child Harold might be looking for a chance to resign from his job as Disarmament Adviser and claim martyrdom in his lonely campaign to pit Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter against Dick Nixon for the Republican vice-presidential nomination (TIME, Aug. 6). Back went a call to Stassen: Just what did he have in mind? Replied Harold: he wanted the President's permission to take a month's



CHICAGO, 1952
Through hell, crackin' and poppin'.

Associated Press

be no call," says a former Harriman aide. "We all knew it—except Harriman. We didn't say so, of course, and he just kept looking at the phone."

The Catalyst. Harry Truman is fond of Averell Harriman, who took on many a tough chore under the New and Fair Deals. All other things being equal, he would like to see Harriman nominated. But for Harriman, all other things are far from equal (see box), and Truman is too old a pro to get out on that shaky limb. More important, Truman takes a realistic Missouri view of his role in this year's convention: he sees himself not as the Democratic Party's kingmaker but, as he says, its "catalyst."

This summer, in a jocular discussion of the hereafter, Harry Truman in a sense placed his life in its true Democratic context. He was standing on the screened porch of a friend's home in Kansas City, sipping on a Scotch and branch water. He would, he said, like to be buried in a mulberry coffin. "Did you ever see mulberry wood burning in a fireplace?" he asked. "Well, it cracks and pops—and I want to go through hell crackin' and poppin'."

Chances are good that this is precisely the way he will go through next week's convention: crackin' and poppin'—and giving 'em hell on earth.

leave to expand his pro-Herter activities. With a sigh of relief the appointment-makers fixed a time, and early last week Stassen was winging to Ike's Gettysburg farm for a friendly 20 minutes.

For Dwight Eisenhower, Stassen's challenge to Nixon was apparently less disturbing than to his Janizariat. At his press conference last week, when the first question shot at him raised the Stassen issue, Ike was unruffled and ready with his thinking about the affair. His central point: the second man on the ticket, like the presidential candidate himself, must be chosen by the delegates at open convention and not by Eisenhower fiat. Until then, everyone has the right to express his preferences as he chooses.

"A Wise Act." Accordingly, said the President, when Stassen first informed him of "what he expected to do . . . I assured him that that was his right as far as I was concerned"—but, if he planned to express his own preference, he must do it as an individual and not as a member of the official family. Later, when "he came to me . . . to ask for a leave, which I personally thought was a wise act on his part . . . I promptly approved."

For Dick Nixon, Ike had warm words of praise and defense. The Vice President, he said, "has made a splendid record . . .

these past four years." Does Nixon damage U.S. relations overseas, as Secretary of Peace Stassen had implied? Said Ike: "As you know, I have sent the Vice President on innumerable trips, and from every country . . . I have received only the most glowing reports of his acceptability." In sum: "There should be no doubt about my satisfaction with him as a running mate."

That was as far as the President would go to dictate the choice of his possible successor. Pressed to commit himself to Nixon—or to comment on other well-qualified Republicans—Ike dug his heels in. Said he firmly: "I have said that I would not express a preference. I have . . . said [Nixon] is perfectly acceptable to me, as he was in 1952. But I am not going beyond that." Beyond that he hardly needed to go.

"For the Young." Yet there was remarkably warm praise for Stassen too, considering the circumstances. In a most difficult job, Ike said, he has worked "earnestly, rigorously . . . to do things that very few people would have had the patience, the intelligence, and really the courage to do. One of the reasons that this whole episode sort of disturbed the even tenor of my ways was that I thought: Well, now, Here is a month that he won't be around."

To Childs Harold this music was as soothing as the Lost Chord. Armed with his 30-day leave, he was all confident smiles as he sauntered along Washington's K Street to open his new Eisenhower-Herter campaign headquarters. Said he, posing for photographers while his staff of young volunteers handed out canned biographies of the leaders (181 words for Herter; 545 words for Stassen): "I'm doing this for the young people of America. I believe I've been clearly sustained by the President. I predict this matter will

be very actively considered from now until the convention."

No doubt it would be. By speaking favorably of Nixon, not unfavorably of anyone else—and by committing himself to no one—Ike had put the selection of a Vice President precisely where he wanted it, in the hands of the Republican delegates. But by his warm praise of Nixon, and his refusal to appraise any other possible candidate for the vice presidency, he had also made it perfectly clear where his own choice lies.

POLITICAL NOTES

Colorado's High Pitch

"Charlie Brannan is a synthetic farmer and was a miserable failure as Secretary of Agriculture. I will challenge the ex-Secretary to a cotton-pickin', wheat-shockin', cow-milkin', calf-ropin' contest. If Brannan loses, he has to drop out. If I lose, I'll drop out."

Thus last week in Colorado these words, spoken by ex-Governor Dan Thornton, wealthy rancher and onetime farmboy, shoved Colorado's senatorial race right off its mile-high mountaintop and down into the barnyard. As sole Republican candidate for the vacated Senate seat of ailing Eugene D. Millikin, who is retiring, the popular Thornton will have to go to the polls against one of two Democratic primary candidates: former Congressman John Carroll or Harry Truman's Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan. Thornton had decided by last week that Brannan was the man to beat.

"I have news for my cotton-pickin' opponent," replied Charlie Brannan. "There is no cotton grown in Colorado." Furthermore, said the author of the Brannan Plan, "Republicans should have nominated Man Mountain Dean instead of Dan Thornton if they think Colorado voters

are more interested in physical prowess than intellect. I have milked more cows than Thornton has ever seen. I have shocked more hay. I gladly accept the opportunity to debate."

"If he wants to debate," Thornton roared back, "I'll debate him—when and if he wins his primary fight. I'm going to ask him some technical questions about farming and I want real farmers to hear his answers. You have said that if the people of Colorado wanted a person who could do farm chores, they would have nominated Man Mountain Dean. You meant this as ridicule against every dirt farmer and his family in Colorado."

By this time both Thornton and Brannan began to suspect that things had got out of hand. Said Brannan: "I would rather debate issues on an intellectual plane." Replied Thornton in a letter to Brannan: "I will have no more to say to a preliminary fighter until he has proved himself." That same day the *Denver Post* took editorial notice of the uproar. To the cow-milkin', wheat-shockin', cotton-pickin' and calf-ropin' contests, noted the *Post*, one more competition should be added: "Bull-throwin'."

GEORGIA

Men in Distress

Said the whisper: "I was sitting there on the ledge watching them. They laid their legs across two stones. Three men came down the line with hammers breaking their legs. They were using 20-lb. hammers. I could hear the bones crack. They'd holler some, and turn aside, but they didn't holler too loud. The guard, he was a pretty good piece off, and he couldn't hear them. They asked me to join them, but I said no."

Before a Georgia legislative investigating committee, a lanky, 46-year-old Negro, serving his third term for robbery, was describing a desperate interlude at Georgia's Rock Quarry Prison near Buford last week. Some of his details invited dispute. But beyond dispute was the fact that inmates of Rock Quarry had sunk so low on the scale of human hope that they had ducked out of the searing sun into the shadow of a rock pile, had smashed each other's legs in a despairing gesture of mass protest.

Slashed Tendons. Rock Quarry, Georgia's "Little Alcatraz" for incorrigible convicts, is a new (1950), clean but forbidding building guarded by two turreted towers. To Rock Quarry go the unruly convicts from other state prisons for twelve-month terms on the rock pile, a nearby granite quarry. From 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. (with three hours out for lunch and rest), under the eyes of hard-eyed guards armed with Winchesters and heavy sticks, they smash granite and push wheelbarrows. The discipline is as rough as the work. Five years ago 31 convicts staged a protest against both by slashing their heel tendons with razor blades.

Last week's self-mutilators told the investigators that they had been driven to



HAROLD STASSEN OPENING WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS
In the handout 181 words for the candidate and 545 for the manager.

their madness by the brutality of prison bosses. Some told of being blackjacked, beaten with sticks, thrown into solitary confinement for trivial offenses. Said one wheel-chaired prisoner, his eyes blazing with hate: "The onliest thing we ask for is that the beatings and cussing stop."

Moderate Findings. Prison officials flatly denied any willful mistreatment or brutality. Said huge, knife-scarred Deputy Warden Doyle Smith, object of many of the charges: "I've never whipped a prisoner, but you have to be boss." He was hucked to the hilt by wispy, sick-looking Hubert Smith (no relation), chief warden at Rock Quarry since 1951. Declared the warden: "This leg-breaking was planned by these men to get public sympathy to bring pressure on the state to abolish this camp."

At week's end the legislative committee released its findings. It gave the prison a clean bill of health, restricted its criticism to the fact that the guards used profanity and "on occasions" slapped the prisoners. It asked that these practices stop. But for all the moderate words, Georgia (the state motto: Wisdom, Justice and Moderation) and the U.S. would search a long time before they found evidence to outweigh the act of 41 desperate men.

ARMED FORCES

The Stunning Blow

As the gaunt, impassive Marine staff sergeant snapped to ramrod attention before the officers at the court-martial table, the little sounds of restlessness in the green-walled auditorium fell off to dead silence. There was tension in the sultry air, for the court had stayed out for a seemingly endless four hours of deliberation. Now the fans whirled softly overhead, and sweat glistened on the faces of most of the spectators.

In a calm, low voice, Colonel Edward L. Hutchinson read from the paper before him: "It is my duty as president of this court to inform you that the court sentences you to be discharged from the service with a bad-conduct discharge, to forfeit \$30 a month for nine months, to be confined at hard labor for nine months and to be reduced in grade to private."

"Let's Get Out of Here." The accused's square shoulders sagged; then, without a word, his blue eyes glistening, he did a smart about-face and walked away from the bench. Beside him, his bald, hawk-nosed attorney whirled in the other direction, his face flushed. "No statements. Let's get out of here," rasped the usually helpful Emile Zola Berman as reporters swarmed about them. "No statements," the marine echoed dully. He spread his hands helplessly before him.

Thus did the court-martial of Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, U.S.M.C., charged with drinking on duty, "oppression" of troops and culpable negligence in the death of six recruits drowned while on a night disciplinary march under his command (TIME, April 23 et seq.), come to an end one afternoon last week at the



THE McKEON COURT-MARTIAL
In the teeth of a legend, nine months at hard labor.

Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C.

The General's Handshake. Only a few hours before, 31-year-old Matt McKeon had been relaxed, almost cheerful as he awaited the decision of the six Marine officers and the Navy doctor who had sat as his judges. His demeanor was an understandable result of a week of remarkable courtroom dramatics. McKeon himself had provided the first highlight. Taking the stand in his own defense, he made a convincing witness as he told the court that his only concern, even as he led his platoon through a tidal swamp, had been for his troops—that if they failed to learn the need for discipline, they might "crumble" in combat.

Then came the trial's most surprising performance. Down from Washington to testify in McKeon's behalf came General Randolph McCall Pate, commandant of the Marine Corps and the man who approved the court-martial and, in April, angrily called McKeon's action "deplorable." Tieless and affable, Marine Pate first went out of his way to shake McKeon's hand and murmur "Good luck to you, my boy," before he took the witness stand. If it were up to him, he said happily, in answer to "Zuke" Berman's hypothetical question, his only punishment for a man guilty of the offenses that McKeon was charged with would be to "take a stripe away from him. . . I suspect I would have transferred him away for stupidity or for lack of judgment. I would probably have written in his service-record book that on no condition was this sergeant to drill recruits again." General Pate, whatever his intention, seemed to be telling the court-martial how it should decide the case.

"We Agree & Regret." After Pate came crusty, gravel-throated Lieut. General Lewis B. ("Chesty") Puller, five-time winner of the Navy Cross and a living legend of the corps. He barked that the Marines' only mission is "success in battle," added that if "we are to win

the next war," the nation's youth must get a lot more of the kind of training that Matt McKeon had tried to give Recruit Platoon 71 at Parris Island. Both he and General Pate, Puller roared, "agree and regret that this man was ever ordered to trial."

Respectful but not intimidated, the seven court-martial officers took seven hours to find Matt McKeon guilty of drinking in barracks and simple negligence in the six deaths. But they cleared him of the more serious charges of "oppression" and culpable negligence. McKeon, the court found, was not drunk the night of the march, nor had he been criminally negligent. McKeon, Zuke Berman, the prosecution and the press took the verdict as clear evidence of a Pate-weight sentence to come. Then, next day, came the stunning blow.

The Long Wait. The case now goes automatically to Navy Secretary Charles S. Thomas, who can reduce or suspend but not increase the sentence, or can order a retrial. After his decision a three-man military board of review must take another look. Such steps normally take months. And while they are under way, Marine McKeon will remain restricted to a ten-mile area around Parris Island, uncertain until the last whether he is finally to be read out of the corps in disgrace.

As calm returned to the auditorium where the nation's attention had focused for three weeks, a blunt but inescapable truth emerged from the proceedings, the Marine Corps, as Puller said, exists only to teach men how to fight, win and survive in the cruellest test of all—war—and because war is cruel, preparation for it sometimes has cruel results.

What the Secretary of the Navy and the review board must now decide is whether Matt McKeon has been punished for the bad judgment that was peculiarly his, or whether he is paying the price for a time-honored, sometimes brutal but consistently effective system of military training.

FOREIGN NEWS

SUEZ

Angry Challenge & Response

Britain and France reacted last week to Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal with white-lipped anger. The dictator of the Nile had laid hands on Britain's lifeline to the East, and jeopardized Britain's Middle East oil supplies; he was laying a threat to Britain's very existence. The moral outrage at Nasser's action was matched by an acute awareness of a vital interest involved. The British govern-



PREMIER MOLLET

In anger, a Napoleonic threat.

ment sent flattops, cruisers and squadrons of jet bombers flying off to the eastern Mediterranean, and at week's end thousands of reserves, hastily called from their summer pursuits, boarded troop transports bound from Britain for Cyprus. A British committee even banned Egyptian swimmers (including last year's winner) from the annual Channel race.

A sense of incongruity went with the anger. No sooner had Queen Elizabeth solemnly proclaimed "a case of great emergency" than she went off to the Duke of Norfolk's box at the fashionable race meeting that traditionally winds up London's social season. After cheering Sir Anthony Eden's Palmerstonian boast that the Royal Navy "will take care of" any Egyptian warships on the loose, the House of Commons, like the French Assembly, adjourned for the summer. But the urgency was real. Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, great airman turned topflight military strategist, spoke for many Britons

when he said, "We are faced today with a challenge in the Middle East potentially no less mortal than that in the Europe of 1938—though far more easily countered if we have the courage." The comparison on everybody's lips was Hitler. This man Nasser, they said, is also insatiable and will grab more if he is not stopped early.

Serpent's Head. The French were, if anything, angrier than the British. The Suez, after all, was French-built, and its expropriated company was one of France's bluest chips. But this was not the real basis of the French reaction. The nation is deep in a costly and frustrating struggle in Algeria, and chief aider and abettor of the rebels is Dictator Nasser. When Premier Guy Mollet ordered two-thirds of the French navy and a Moroccan division to be ready "to impose" a solution in the Suez, one Parisian growled: "Well worth it. We'd be cutting the serpent's head instead of hacking off its tail."

In the strongest show of unity in the Fourth Republic's history, the Assembly (150 Communists dissenting) voted to back the show of force, in a resolution condemning Nasser as "a permanent menace to peace." Observing the all-Communist opposition, Socialist Mollet said bitterly: "It is sufficient for a cause to be anti-French for Communists to support it. It is a question now, if the Nasser-Shepilov pact will have the same result as the pact of Hitler and Molotov."

When the State Department's Bob Murphy, arriving for Big Three talks in London, reported how wrought up the French and British were, President Eisenhower ordered Secretary Dulles to London forthwith. The Big Three found their roles ironically reversed. Two years ago the British and French had sounded the alarm at U.S. "sabre-rattling" during the Indo-China crisis of Dienbienphu. Then Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had counseled the sweet uses of restraint and diplomacy. Now it was Eden's government that talked of military action. Now it was the British, despite their past jeering at Dulles' "brinkmanship," who hovered in anger around the brink.

Lawyer's Stand. Calm, bulky and phlegmatic, Lawyer Dulles took the position that Egypt as a sovereign nation had a legal right to nationalize the Canal Company—an Egyptian entity which he likened to a public utility with a government charter—so long as Egypt paid due compensation. But he also held that Nasser, in seizing the canal itself, had violated solemn treaties.*

* The 1869 agreement with the Canal Company defines it in Article XVI as an Egyptian company subject to the laws and customs of the country. "As recently as 1954, however, Nasser in behalf of Egypt conceded that the canal 'is a waterway economically, commercially and strategically of international importance,' and expressed 'the determination to uphold the convention guaranteeing the freedom of navigation of the canal signed at Constantinople on 29th of October, 1888.'"

In the end, the Big Three duly called a conference of 24 nations "deeply concerned with use of the canal" to meet in London Aug. 16. At Dulles' insistence, those invited included not only Egypt but Russia (the British and French swallowed hard at first, having spent half a century trying to keep Russia out of the area). The conference would be held even if Premier-President Nasser's Egypt should refuse to attend.

Arabism's Hope. Nasser's position was not without its own strength. In Egypt



PRIME MINISTER EDEN

At the brink, a new face.

and the Arab world, the 38-year-old strongman who boasts that he will "extend the Arab homeland from the Atlantic Ocean to the Persian Gulf," became overnight the most vaunted hero since Saladin. Thirty-two governments, said his semi-official news service, acclaimed his deed, ranging from Communist China to Franco's Spain. Saudi Arabia's King Saud sent Nasser a personal message: "I am with Egypt with all I possess." Jordan's young King Hussein cabled that Nasser's victories must bring "Arabism's hopeful tomorrow when our flag will fly proudly and dearly over the [Palestine] they have stolen from us." The only sour note emanated from a clandestine radio that began calling for "the ouster of the mad tyrant

* Australia, Ceylon, Denmark, Egypt, Ethiopia, France, Great Britain, Greece, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Pakistan, Portugal, Soviet Union, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, U.S., West Germany.

Nasser" and presumably sending code messages to underground agents.

At the start of the week, in the heat of its own fury, the Egyptian government ordered four ships loading cotton for Britain to discharge their cargoes, in reprisal for Britain's freezing of Egypt's sterling assets. In a speech to students training to fight for an Egyptian Suez, Nasser jeered at the expropriated company as "an instrument of imperialism . . . formed by a number of French counts and unemployed Englishmen," and shouted that if the British tried to return, "we know how to repel pirates." Hours later, calming down a little, the government ordered the British cotton loaded again, and Nasser announced in ringing statesman's tones: "We are as ever determined to honor all our international obligations. Freedom of navigation in the Suez Canal is not affected in any degree."

By week's end no fewer than 455 vessels, most of them, as usual, British, passed through the 103-mile channel, safely steered by the old company's staff of 200 Egyptian and non-Egyptian pilots (including two Americans). Owners paid mostly by checks drawn on London or Paris. Since all funds thus paid to any Egyptian account are frozen, this meant that Nasser's new Suez Canal Authority was getting little cash. Presumably it is this pressure, and the force of world opinion, that Dulles hoped would lead Nasser to accept some international supervision of the Suez Canal.

Eyes on Pipelines. Nasser was in possession of the canal, and at the moment that constituted nine-tenths of the law if very little of the cash. Against this fact stood Sir Anthony Eden's challenge: "No arrangements . . . could be acceptable to Her Majesty's Government which would leave it in the unfettered control of a single Power which could . . . exploit it purely for purposes of national policy." The trouble with this carefully phrased dictum, as a moral stand, is that Britain (which owns 44% of the Suez Company's stock) has for years condoned just such nationalistic behavior by Egypt. Since 1948 Egypt has barred Israeli ships from entering the canal.

When Nasser said last week that he would be happy to continue to assure free international passage, the Russians, acting the part of pious moderator, asked the British what more they could ask than so peaceable a pledge. Britain's answer was that it asked effective international guarantees, not just the word of a man they no longer believed.

Even should Nasser consent to some sort of international supervision, the Canal Company would remain his. On this all sides agreed. This fact was what was hard to get at with gunboats. If Nasser got away with it, the air might soon be rent with cries to nationalize the oil companies and pipelines of the Middle East. Already there was talk of nationalizing the oil wealth of such Arab lands as Kuwait—the tiny principality whose yearly oil profits are \$250 million—and with the



Ronald Searle—(C) Punch

"NASSER IS GREAT,
AND SUEZ IS HIS PROFIT"

money forming an Arab pool to finance such projects as the Aswan Dam. Two vital statistics illustrate the fact that this is a U.S. as well as a British and French problem: 1) two-thirds of all the world's proved oil reserves are in the Middle East; 2) U.S.-dominated companies control two-thirds of these reserves.

It had become clear that Nasser, from whom so much was once hoped, was increasing in power and popularity as an Arab leader in direct proportion to his lowering of the power and prestige of the U.S., Britain and France. No one was sure—yet—just how to handle him, but all had the conviction that something must be done. First the matter of the Suez Canal had to be settled.

IRAN

After Three Years

In the midst of the Middle East furore over Nasser, another veteran twist of the British lion's tail was heard from.

Mohammed Mossadegh, as weird and wondrous a character as ever stole a headline, was swept into office as Iran's Premier in 1951 on a promise to nationalize the sprawling British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. He accomplished his purpose in a dervishlike vortex of tantrums, sulks, fainting spells, mopes and well-publicized weeping that made even readers of *L'il Abner* forget Daisy Mae. In doing so, he brought his country to bankruptcy. At one point in his frenzied career, Mossy succeeded in frightening the Shah clean out of his own country.

When the Shah returned, as he did less than a week later, Mossadegh was through. Though Iran's oil has remained its own property ever since, it is piped out by an international consortium. As for Mossadegh, he was dragged weeping and screaming into court in the bathrobe and pajamas that were his habitual uniform,

and after a gaudy trial, sentenced to three years of solitary confinement. "This sentence," he told the court in a flood of tears, "has increased my historic glory."

Last week, shabbily resplendent in his increased glory and the same threadbare pajamas, Mohammed Mossadegh walked out of Teheran's Ghassarr barracks a free man once more. No crowds were there to welcome him. But Mossy's wife, son and grandchildren were on hand to take the old man home. And when Mossy saw them, he wept.

WEST GERMANY

The Seconding Sex

In his next Cabinet, 80-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer said, he will include a few women. Why? "Women," grumped *der Alte*, "are easier to handle."

JAPAN

Getting Nowhere

Smiles flashed and vodka flowed in Moscow's Spiridonovka Palace one day last week. It was Soviet Foreign Minister Shepilov's way of welcome to his Japanese counterpart, one-legged Mamoru Shigemitsu, in honor of Shigemitsu's 60th birthday. Gallantly, Shepilov apologized for not having sukiyaki for his Japanese guests. "Your vodka and caviar," replied Shigemitsu graciously, "are as good as ever."

Once the Foreign Ministers had moved from the groaning board to the conference table, the talk became much less pleasant: the Japanese discovered that the conference, too, would be Russian style. Shigemitsu, who would like to get all the southern Kurils back, began by asking only for the return of the two nearest islands, Kunashiri and Etorofu, which are small, barren, and of value only to Japanese fishermen.

Shepilov's reply was swift and stunning. "Japan has no right," he snapped, "to raise any claim on any territory occupied by the Soviet Union." Furthermore, announced Radio Moscow, two smaller islands that Russia had previously offered to return to Japan outright would now be returned only "on certain conditions," since Japan had apparently not appreciated Russia's "magnanimous act." Shepilov also cited Yalta, where both the U.S. and Britain agreed to let the Russians grab the Kurils as part of the Russian terms for entering into what proved to be its week-long participation in the war against Japan. Shigemitsu could only protest that Japan was not a party to Yalta. He hobbled before reporters on his two black crutches, sputtered: "Complete lack of reasonableness—if they do not give up anything they grabbed during the war, that's real power politics."

Japan's other requests did not get much further. Shepilov announced that 104 Japanese prisoners will be released soon, but denied any knowledge of the 11,175 prisoners Japan claims Russia is holding as "hostages." With a great show of generosity, after rejecting what Japan wanted

Shepilov dangled a \$50 million trade agreement before Shigemitsu's eyes.

Aware that Japan is impatient for a settlement, Shigemitsu is fearful that before the talks end he may have to agree to an Adenauer formula, i.e., resuming normal diplomatic relations without gaining any major concessions. Premier Hatoyama is so confident of some sort of settlement that he has already set in motion a merging of government security agencies in expectation of an upsurge in Soviet propaganda and espionage when the Russians return to Tokyo in force.

TURKEY

A Scalp for the Taking

In all Turkey there is probably no man whom Premier Adnan Menderes would rather see behind bars than stocky Kasim Gulek, 51-year-old leader of the opposition Republican People's Party. As Gulek tells it, Menderes once promised that on the day Gulek finally went to jail the prison barber who cut off his thick black locks would be rewarded with a gold-plated watch. "That Menderes," says the opposition leader in his fluent American English, "is a full-blooded Iroquois. He wants to scalp me."

Last week shrewd Kasim Gulek deliberately offered Menderes an opportunity for scalp-lifting. Premier Menderes, faced with rising criticism of his ruinously inflationary economic policies, has grown increasingly thin-skinned. Six weeks ago Menderes pushed through Parliament a repressive law which forbids political meetings or demonstrations except in the 45 days immediately preceding elections. (Turkey's next general elections will be held in 1958.) To test the new law, Opposition Leader Gulek decided to make a political tour of Turkey's isolated Black Sea ports.

"Kindly Desist." Setting out from Istanbul by ship, accompanied by newsmen, Gulek ran into government obstructionism right from the start. At his first big port of call, the tobacco town of Samsun, the local governor not only refused Gulek permission to hold a public meeting, but also decreed that he could not even hold a closed meeting with local Republican People's Party committeemen. Coolly, Gulek answered: "We have a perfect right to hold a meeting in our own party home." To the 300 people who braved police surveillance to crowd into Samsun's small, stifling party headquarters he announced his determination to fight for the repeal of Menderes' new law, and added: "The graveyards of Europe are filled with fallen dictators."

At every stop after Samsun, police interference steadily increased. At Giresun, where a detachment of soldiers with fixed bayonets surrounded him the moment he stepped ashore, Gulek tried waving to onlookers, only to be warned by the police chief: "You are creating a political dem-

onstration by waving. Kindly desist." At fabled Trebizond, where Xenophon's weary Ten Thousand finally reached the sea, the police tried to whisk Gulek from the dock to party headquarters in a car. When he insisted on making the trip by foot, they used clubs and jeeps to scatter the crowds that gathered to catch sight of him. At a later stop, a provincial sub-governor ruled that it would constitute a political meeting if a café proprietor pushed a few tables together for Gulek's party. Still another ruling: anything Gulek said while standing up must be considered a political address.

Pears & Hazelnuts. For a while Gulek tried to counter the police with Gandhian tactics—simple handshaking tours. For the last 100 miles of his trip he abandoned ship and moved by car along the lush southeastern shore of the Black Sea, where the corn grows eight feet tall and



KASIM GULEK
Illegal kisses.

Walter Bennett

string beans climb way up over a man's head. In this country, where peasants came out to the road to present him with such local delicacies as pears and hazelnuts, the handshaking tactics worked well enough. But in towns, where clouds of policemen sealed him off from the populace, Gulek soon found that the only hands he got to shake were those of Republican People's Party committeemen. Accordingly, in Rize, where terraced tea plantations run up into cloud-capped mountains, Gulek decided on a new gambit—shopping. Casually, he strolled into the Rize bazaar to look at the local textiles. He got through three shops, shaking hands with the storekeepers and kissing customers' babies. Then a police officer stepped up and said: "Kasim Gulek, I arrest you on charges of fomenting a political demonstration."

After 13 hours' detention, Gulek was at last freed on bail and allowed to return

to Istanbul. Gulek is already appealing an earlier sentence for "insulting the National Assembly," but some prison barber has yet to claim that gold-plated watch from Premier Menderes.

Besides Gulek's own display of personal courage, one sign that democracy is not yet dead in Turkey was the big black headlines in Istanbul's newspapers on Gulek's Black Sea trip. Despite the Menderes press-muzzling laws, the papers circumspectly managed to get the idea across.

ITALY

The Naked Truth

Old wartime buddies in the Italian underground, Subbiano's two top Communists made a fine team; tough Mayor Sabatino Cerofolino had the brawn and wily Party Secretary Italo Nofri had the brain. But Italo Nofri also had a wife Bruna, whom he called "the prettiest girl in all Subbiano." Despite the fact that her husband and his friend had succeeded in converting a majority of her fellow villagers in the little Apennine town to Communism, Bruna remained an ardent Roman Catholic. She even insisted that their son be sent to study in a Catholic school, and despite his own deep convictions, Italo was proud of the honors the boy won at school.

Italo Nofri had once planned to be a priest himself, and when he turned to Communism, it was because he believed implicitly that it "would bring peace and social justice to our country. To me," said Italo Nofri, "Stalin was like God." Other Communists, he was soon to find, felt differently. Hearing the official assault on the Red deity after his death, Nofri was at first indignant, then puzzled, then racked with worry. At last he decided to leave the party.

Man with a Camera. Nofri's comrades, including Mayor Cerofolino, stormed and threatened, but true to his decision, Nofri joined the Christian Democrats and began to campaign actively against "Marxist corruption and confusion." On Mayor Cerofolino's motion, the party denounced Nofri as an "outcast and traitor." Cerofolino himself was put on the spot by his party superiors for "failure to maintain rank-and-file discipline."

One day soon afterward, Bruna Nofri was surprised by a sudden visit from Mayor Cerofolino, who came panting into her home to tell her that her son had been injured in an automobile accident. At the mayor's promise to take her to the injured boy, Bruna frantically hurried out with him. But instead of finding her son in the lonely cottage to which Cerofolino took her, she was set upon by the brawny Communist, stripped of her clothes and photographed naked. "Get that husband of yours back into the party," warned Cerofolino, "or everybody in town will see these pictures."

Woman with a Letter. In the weeks that followed, the tormented Bruna told no one of her experience. Mayor Cerofolino was re-elected to office, but by a

© He was educated at Istanbul's American-run Robert College, and Columbia University.

much smaller majority, and Nofri's anti-Communist campaigning grew stronger than ever as he spread the news around of Khrushchev's secret speech denouncing Stalin's reign of terror. Last month Bruna got a letter warning her for the last time to put a stop to her husband's anti-Communist activity. Desperate, she showed Italo the letter. Italo went straight to the public prosecutor.

Last week, in the 14th century courtroom of nearby Arezzo, Subbiano's Mayor Cerofolino was tried behind closed doors, found guilty of blackmail, coercion and moral turpitude, and sentenced to two years at hard labor and the loss of his civil rights for 20 years. "None of this," growled ex-Mayor Cerofolino, "would have happened if Nofri had stayed in the party." That night the Communist Party at Subbiano, which had prepared a riotous welcome home for Mayor Cerofolino, went on a rampage around town instead, and stormed the house of the Nofri family. A special squad of *carabinieri* has been guarding the house ever since. "It's not easy," said ex-Communist Italo Nofri, "but it shows what Communists are really like."

Call for the Saint

In a discussion with his old friend Italian Vice Premier Giuseppe Saragat, Florence's cheerful, chirpy little Mayor Giorgio La Pira once argued that hankers should divide their funds with the poor. "They would go to prison," replied Socialist Saragat. Christian Democrat La Pira, whom Florentines sometimes call "the Saint," shook his head. "Oh, no," said he, "they would go to Paradise."

In the five years since he wrested control of the Florence city government from the Communists, Sicilian-born Giorgio La Pira has conscientiously followed this simple approach to public problems and private funds. With a cheerful disregard for legality, the onetime professor of Roman law has seized bankrupt factories to prevent dismissal of their employees, requisitioned private dwellings to house the poor and financed public works so expensive that they have exhausted Florence's legal borrowing power until the year 2000.

The national leadership of the Christian Democrats, and their coalition partner the Liberals, shudder at La Pira's wild economic theories, but in last May's Italian municipal elections La Pira's Christian Democratic ticket won the biggest vote (101,000) ever given a single party in Florentine history. Unfortunately, despite this heavy vote, the Christian Democrats did not win a clear majority in the city council, which elects Florence's mayors.

No Collaboration. By itself, La Pira's party had only 25 out of 60 council seats while a left-wing coalition (Communist, Nenni Socialist and four independent Marxists) held 27. Left-wingers crowed that La Pira could stay in office only by accepting Communist support, thereby beginning Italy's first conspicuous "collaboration" between Catholicism and Marxism, which Christian Democratic national-



MAYOR LA PIRA
Exuberant embraces.

al headquarters steadfastly opposes. This La Pira flatly refused to do.

As throngs of tense Florentines jammed their way into the city hall's "Room of the 500" to watch the voting, La Pira unconcernedly told the council: "If you elect me I will take it as the will of God and, although fatigued, return to work. If you don't elect me I will also take it as the will of God—in many ways better for me—and vote myself instead to repose, meditation, study and prayer."

No Majority. With the battle lines thus clearly drawn, the voting began. On the first four ballots, La Pira ran consistently two or three votes behind his Communist-line opponent, but neither

candidate got the necessary absolute majority of 31 votes. Finally came the crucial fifth ballot when, by Italian law, the candidate with the most votes wins whether or not he has an absolute majority. Intently the tight-packed crowd listened as the clerk called out the results: blank ballots—6; Nenni Socialist Raffaello Ramat—27; La Pira—27.

For a moment the crowd remained silent in confusion. Then a few quick-witted Christian Democrats began to cheer. They remembered a queer quirk in the Italian electoral law: in case of tie votes, the older man is chosen. And 52-year-old La Pira happens to be 18 months older than Socialist Ramat.

Bouncing up and around the great council table, exuberant Giorgio La Pira embraced Ramat and everyone else within reach. But later, as he walked home through the darkness toward his monkish cell in a bare top-floor room in Florence's Sisters of Charity hospital, La Pira's head was bowed. Crossing the vast, splendid Piazza della Signoria he came upon an old pupil, linked arms with him and said quietly: "I'm tired. You know, I was really hoping God would let me lose."

INDONESIA

Equal & Fair

At Semarang, in the heart of Java's Communist belt, President Sukarno of neutralist Indonesia last week delivered his first public report on the trip which he made to the U.S. two months ago. In the audience, at Sukarno's special request, was the able U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia, Hugh S. Cumming Jr.

Sukarno began by extolling the material wealth and achievement of the U.S. "In San Francisco," said he, "I saw a bridge that is four kilometers long—a bridge that is more than 50 meters above the surface of the sea and under which big ships can pass . . . This is the result of imagination, work and big-mindedness."

It was not U.S. prosperity alone that impressed Sukarno. "America," said he, "has not sacrificed freedom of expression for freedom from want . . . This American freedom of expression is called political democracy." Then, noting that he would soon be visiting Russia and Red China, the Indonesian President continued: "I do not expect to find—" Smiling, he broke off in misdirection and said, "I must be equal and fair."

He would be interested, Sukarno resumed, to observe material achievements in Communist countries, "where they have gone about this backward—they have started out to establish freedom from want and—" Once again he broke off, and this time a ripple of laughter ran through the 1,000 top-ranking Indonesian officials who made up the bulk of the audience.

After the speech was finished, Sukarno followed up his pointed innuendoes with an equally pointed gesture. When it came time to leave, he strolled off with his arm about Hugh Cumming. (Also present but



Howard Sachse—Liaison
PRESIDENT SUKARNO
Selective compliments.

unembraced: Soviet Ambassador to Indonesia Dmitry Zhukov.) Clearly, Neutralist Sukarno's U.S. tour had been rewarding—not only for him but for the U.S., as well.

EAST GERMANY

Rehabilitated Rival

In the late 1920s when German Communism was still in its adolescence, sly, ruthless Walter Ulbricht and scrappy, fanatic Franz Dählem were two of its brightest stars and, hence, bitter rivals. Both were sent to take part in the Spanish civil war as political commissars. Both were soon ordered home, and Ulbricht obeyed, ending up in Moscow. But Dählem stayed on until he had to flee Spain in defeat. He was interned in France, and subsequently turned over to the invading Germans. He wound up in a Nazi concentration camp. All this time, safe in Moscow, Ulbricht solidified his own position.

After the war, when Moscow set up its East German satellite, Ulbricht's seditious sycophancy was rewarded with the key party job in the new state, that of party general secretary. Dählem got the less important job: chief party organizer. But though Dählem was his subordinate, such eminence was still too close to his own for Ulbricht's comfort, and Ulbricht waited his chance to pounce.

The opportunity came in the early 1950s, when Communism's solid front swayed and bent under the impact of the treason trials of Hungary's Laszlo Rajk, Czechoslovakia's Rudolf Slansky and the American Noel Field. Charging his rival with "political blindness" in having once befriended Field, Ulbricht seized Dählem in May 1953. At first Dählem was jailed, then sent to an East German hospital for observation. Dählem's fortune ebbed further in 1954 when his son Robert fled to the West. Dählem was ordered to the Soviet Union for a "rest." Since that time, the face of Russian Communism, which once glared at the world through the single, impassive mask of Stalin, has assumed a variety of new expressions.

Last week, in an hour-long speech well larded with what Germany's anti-Communists call *Partei Chinesisch* (party Chinese), East Germany's Party Boss Walter Ulbricht got around to announcing the new look in East German Communism. The Ulbricht speech included the now mandatory apology to Tito, a helping of discreet self-criticism, and the rehabilitation of a few old victims. The first of these (who may not have been Ulbricht's own choice) was his old rival, Franz Dählem. "The conditions under which the investigation of Comrade Dählem was conducted," said Ulbricht, "have ceased to exist."

It may be that Ulbricht counts on the fact that Dählem, who suffers from a heart ailment, appears to have aged considerably. But it remains a fact that Dählem would be a natural choice for party leadership should the Russians try to reorganize East German Communism without unpopular Walter Ulbricht.

BURMA

Neighboring Incursion

The 1,000-mile frontier between Burma and Communist China runs through some of the world's wildest country. In its southern reaches, the limestone mountains of the Shan States rise to almost 9,000 feet, and at its northern end, snow-capped Himalayan peaks push up to more than twice that height. At lower altitudes, an average annual rainfall of 200 inches produces thick jungle cut only by swift-running rivers and an occasional trail. Scattered through this wilderness is a confusing mélange of primitive peoples—gentle Shans, timid Palaungs, and the

Wa States (see map). In some places, Chinese outposts were reported 60 miles within Burma.

For two days, Neutralist Premier U Ba Swe's government, fearful of incurring the wrath of the giant on its northeastern border, denied the *Nation's* report, though the news had obviously been leaked by worried Burmese army officers. Finally, bit by bit, the government began to admit facts which it had been suppressing for more than a year. The Chinese "invasion," said the government, was limited to the Wa States, where Red troops began to cross the border in the 1954-55 winter. By May of last year, Chinese Communist forces had established semipermanent outposts inside the Wa States, and in November a Burmese army column on routine "flag march" in the Wa country was attacked by a Chinese force which finally retired after suffering ten casualties.

What the situation was as of last week nobody in the Burmese government really knew, since all roads leading to the Wa States had been washed out by monsoon rains. The Burmese army estimates that the Chinese Reds have expanded their occupation forces to "a few thousand men" and now hold about 1,000 square miles of Burmese territory.

Five Principles, Two Protests. The Burmese could now tell, if they could not before, whom ex-Premier U Nu meant in his attack three weeks ago on unnamed "veritable sons of bitches for distant aunts" (*TIME*, Aug. 6). Now that the story was out in the open, the government admitted that it had quietly lodged two protests with Peking since last November: the first was brushed off, the second had gone unanswered even though, under the much-vaunted *Panch Shila* or Five Principles of India's Nehru, Burma and Red China had pledged to respect each other's territorial integrity.

At first, Peking radio said that the reports of a Communist invasion were obviously untrue, since such an incursion "would be devoid of military common sense." But at week's end Peking radio conceded that there were troops inside the "disputed" area "in a spirit of friendship. Under these circumstances there is fundamentally no such question as crossing into the territory of Burma."

KENYA

Groggs & the Yappers

His most ardent admirers often prefer to remember gruff, octogenarian Colonel Ewart Scott Grogan as he was in the old days, when rugged individualism and a respect for white-skinned authority were the stuff of which empires were made. While still an undergraduate at Cambridge, "Groggs" Grogan earned the envy of Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes by walking the 4,500-mile length of Africa from Cape Town to Cairo "just for the hell of it." "You have done what has been the ambition of every explorer," Rhodes wrote, "and it makes me the more certain that we shall complete the [Cape to



warlike little Kachins who, under U.S. officers, harried the Japanese unmercifully throughout World War II. Most primitive of all are the wild Wa, who live in hill villages that can be entered only through tunnels. The Wa believe that a village's supply of human skulls must be replenished each year to ensure good crops.

The border, snaking across an area seldom explored and inadequately mapped, has been in dispute ever since the British seized Upper Burma in 1885. On a variety of dubious grounds, including the fact that a 9th century Burmese kingdom once paid tribute to China's Tang emperors, Chinese rulers from the Empress Dowager to Chiang Kai-shek claimed large chunks of northern Burma. The Chinese Reds, after their conquest of mainland China in 1949, redrew the map to show the disputed areas as part of China, and then waited for history to confirm their map.

Limited Invasion. Last week Rangoon's leading daily *Nation* broke the story that Chinese Communist troops had moved into Burma along a 500-mile front running from Putao in Kachin State down to the



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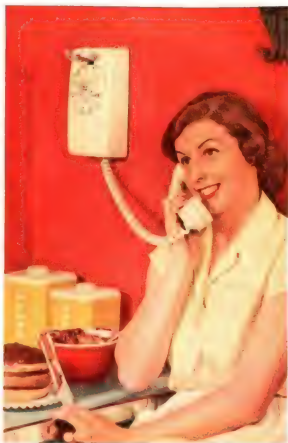
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TALE OF TWO TELEPHONES

IN BOSTON they mix sentiment and progress rather nicely. Take the old wall telephone on the left. It has served faithfully in Boston's City Hall for 64 years. Everytime the telephone company has sought to retire Old Faithful, the city hall folks have said, "Please let it stay, we're fond of it." And, that's the story of *one* telephone.

Now, the *other* wall telephone has just been installed in one of the fine new homes of the Boston area, and is beginning a long and useful life. Nobody now believes that it will be called on to serve for 64 years... *but it probably could if it had to!*

And that's a statement we believe in...for Western

Electric made *both* of them and, like your Bell telephone company, we know how well our telephones stand up under use. In fact, the average Bell instrument needs fixing only about once in 9 years.

As the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we build quality into all the things we make for your Bell telephone company...wire and cable, telephones, central office switching equipment...because all must work faithfully and efficiently when you use your telephone.

Indeed, as part of the System we share its goal: to provide you with good, dependable telephone service...and at low cost.

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UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

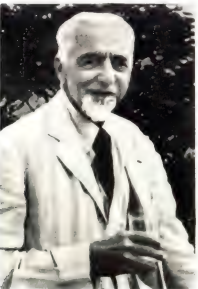
Cairo] railway,* for surely I am not going to be beaten by the legs of an undergraduate."

A few years later, Grogan was defeated for Britain's House of Commons, largely because his opponent dwelled on the time young Grogan, back in Kenya, had set upon and thrashed a young Negro who had just been acquitted of trying to rape a white woman. After his electoral defeat in England, Grogan settled permanently in Kenya.

The Simple Solution. As a forceful and outspoken member of Kenya's legislative council, he was a constant thorn in the side of Colonial Office authority, inveighing now against the menace of the growing Indian community, now against softness in treatment of the blacks, now against the excessive pomp of the colonial governor himself. Instead of wasting money on a swank new government house, young Grogan told testy old Governor Sir Edward Grigg, he ought to be made "to live in a tent." The governor soon thereafter curtailed his original ambitious building plans.

Grogan's manners improved not a jot in the years that followed, and his firm voice never lost its strength. An ardent believer in the future of Kenya, he became one of the colony's richest men, but he never ceased to flay those with whom he disagreed. His suggested solution in the early days of Mau Mau terrorism was characteristically simple: "Catch a hundred of these rascals and hang 25 of them in front of the others . . . they are just black baboons." This view outraged the Colonial Office, and left-wing sentiment in Britain, but the government's later (1953) building of a gallows on the golf course might properly be considered by Grogan an endorsement of his position.

* They didn't.



COLONEL GROGAN
Gallows on the golf course.

It was the other side of British policy—the political and economic promises given Kenya's nonwhites that most distressed Grogan. Three months ago, still a potent member of the legislative council, Grogan made a final bid to halt Britain's plans for giving the Kenya blacks a greater say in their own government. With calculated absence of tact, he let it be known that the plans were well rooted in a secret government promise to keep the main seat of power firmly entrenched in the hands of an all-white council.

Stepping Down. For the moment at least, the blunt statement effectively ruled out all further cooperation between blacks and whites on the problems of constitutional reform. And for the moment at least, 81-year-old Grogan was satisfied, as he enjoyed the daily plaudits of his admirers and the company of a bottle of cognac in the bar of the Nairobi hotel which he owns.

Last week, with Kenya's political future still dimmed as a result of his remarks, Ewart Scott Grogan gave up the seat he had held on the legislative council since 1929. Kenya conservatism's most flamboyant defender was quitting on a note of triumph, even though it was apt to be short-lived. "I had to do something positive amid all that yapping and whispering," he said. "I did it, and now I have retired."

AMERICANS ABROAD

Baghdad Honeymoon

"What I don't understand—" said the slim young mother from California as she sat cuddling her baby son in a Rome boarding house last week. "what I don't understand is he said he was a Christian, but when we got to Baghdad, I found he was no Christian. He was all Arab. When an Arab marries, he doesn't want a wife or a companion; he just wants a slave. They treat their women like dirt—worse than dirt. They slug them and spit in their faces and then go off and leave them at home while they go sit in these coffee houses. Even before we left Tacoma, he used to go out to a tavern some nights and leave me at home with baby. I told him I wouldn't stand for that, and I asked if he'd leave me at home alone when we got to Iraq. 'Oh no,' he said, 'I promise I'll never leave you one night alone.' But when we got to Baghdad, he was off almost every night, leaving me with his parents, who didn't speak any English—and I didn't speak any Arabic. Do you think that's any way to treat a wife?"

Off to Mother. With this torrent of words, red-haired, leggy Helen Johnstone purged herself of the romantic dream she had nurtured three years ago when she was a clerk in the accounting department of West Coast Airlines and met a slue-eyed Iraqi student at the College of Puget Sound. Even the reservations of Helen's father, a retired Navy commander, were not strong enough to hinder the marriage, and with the blessings of both her parents, Helen became Mrs. Abdul



HELEN SUBBAGH & SON
Bullets for the whole family.

Jebbar Subbagh in a blossom-strewn ceremony at the First Methodist Church in Palo Alto. In time a baby son was born, and the local minister christened him Paul. Except for the homesickness in Abdul's heart, all might have been well, but at last (in Helen's words), "Nothing would do but we had to go and visit his mother in Baghdad."

One for You. "He said his family lived in a 14-room house," she recalled, "and that we'd be served by servants off gold plates. Well, you know, in the States a 14-room house means something, but there they didn't even have a sink. The place was filthy, and the food didn't agree with me. His parents expected me to sit on the floor and do the baby's washing by hand, but he didn't seem to care. I begged him to get us a house by ourselves, but he wouldn't do it. He just wanted to play around and live off his parents. We started having rows, and one morning he showed me a revolver with three bullets. 'One for you,' he said, 'one for me and one for the baby.' I decided he had pushed me around for the last time."

With the help of the U.S. vice consul, who intervened in her behalf at the Ministry of Justice, Helen Subbagh was at last able to get her baby (a U.S. citizen) away from her husband's family, but with the proviso from the court that she must not take the child out of the country. But, "as soon as I had Paul safe in my arms," she confessed, "I went to a suburban station where the family couldn't follow me, and I got the last second-class ticket on the first train leaving for Basra." Added Mrs. Subbagh, "I'm never going to leave the United States again as long as I live."

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

Cotton for Cars

Ever since the U.S. announced in February that it would begin selling surplus cotton on the world market, Mexico's leftist Economy Minister Gilberto Loyo, onetime professor of economics and a longtime ringleader of the anti-U.S. faction in the Cabinet, has been scratching around for a good, sharp reprisal. He feared that if the U.S. went through with its plan to double exports (to 5,000,000 bales), the floor would fall from under the Mexican crop, which last year earned about \$700 million, almost a third of the country's foreign credits. Last week, in a series of decrees, Loyo announced his countermeasures.

Beginning Nov. 1, the Mexican assembly plants of foreign auto firms will have to use Mexican cotton to pay for car and truck parts imported from their parent companies. To do business, the companies will have to make deals with a broker to try to sell Mexican cotton abroad. The companies then can import an equivalent value in car parts. Hard hit will be the U.S. Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. If they manage to continue importing parts at the current rate (an estimated \$60 million a year), the Big Three will have to market 30% of the country's export crop. Unless the government lets companies raise car prices, said one industry spokesman, profits will be wiped out.

Minister Loyo also extended his tough rules to a list of other imports, including assembled cars, chemicals, synthetic fibers, business machines. He made clear that his final goal is to eliminate his surplus problem once and for all by tying the entire export crop tightly to imports.

BOLIVIA

Fighter to the Fore

Standing beneath the oil portraits of Bolivia's greatest heroes of the past, a man who is himself an authentic hero of Bolivia today will receive this week the gold medal and green-red-yellow sash of the presidency. Hernán Siles Zuazo, 42, is following in his father's steps: 30 years ago, Hernando Siles stood in the same spot in the Chamber of Deputies to receive the presidential insignia.

Though a President's son, Hernán Siles literally had to fight his way. Slight (5 ft. 4 in.), nearsighted and mild-mannered, he has endured war and exile, and led a bloody revolution. At 20 he was wounded in Bolivia's Chaco War with Paraguay. At 27 he helped found the Movement of National Revolution (M.N.R.), the mildly leftist party that now runs Bolivia. During the next decade he was exiled twice by anti-M.N.R. governments, fled the country twice to escape imprisonment. In 1951 he slipped back into Bolivia from exile to direct the

campaign that brought a plurality that year to exiled M.N.R. Presidential Candidate Victor Paz Estenssoro. When the army nullified the election, Siles led a workers' uprising, defeated the military in three days of fierce civil warfare.

Paz Estenssoro returned from exile to take over as President, and Hero Siles stepped back into vice-presidential obscurity. With growing revenues from Bolivia's oilfields and more than \$20 million in handouts of foodstuffs and dollars from the U.S. Government, Paz Estenssoro kept the nation's economy from



PRESIDENT SILES
A hero needs help to win.

collapsing into chaos, but he left harrowing problems behind for his successor. "The honeymoon of the revolution is over," says Siles. "I will have to face the realities." Among the grim realities:

❶ Inflation has galloped to the point that 7,000 bolivianos bring only \$1 on the free market.

❷ Three out of four Bolivians of voting age are illiterate, and most are direly poor.

❸ The nation's tin mines, main source of government revenue before Paz Estenssoro & Co. nationalized them, operate at a loss because of administrative inefficiency and lack of labor discipline.

Characteristically, Siles speaks of his problems as "four big battles"—against inflation, for increased production, against illiteracy, for national unity. He vows to undertake the unpopular measures that he considers necessary: freeze wages, cut out government subsidies, "insist on labor discipline" and "run the mines like a private business."

The U.S. intends to aid Siles, as it aided Paz Estenssoro, and he will need the help. For Fighter Siles, the toughest battles lie ahead.

CANADA

Right Turn

"No CCF government will rest content until it has eradicated capitalism." Thus in 1933 the founders of Canada's socialist movement, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, set forth their party's basic political aim in their first manifesto. Last week, at a convention in Winnipeg, an older and wiser CCF gave up the goal of uprooting capitalism and adopted a new manifesto recognizing a definite "need for private enterprise."

Undiluted socialism seemed a cure-all to many Canadian voters in the depressed '30s, and the CCF quickly became the strongest third-party movement ever launched in Canada. But in the prosperous postwar years, socialism's appeal faded, and the CCF vote fell off sharply. Six months ago a committee of CCF theorists was appointed to chart a new course. The committee's report, called a "Declaration of Principles," recommended a sharp right turn toward a mixed economy, which would "provide increased opportunities for private as well as public-owned industry."

Despite the protests of old-line socialists, a pair of more practical-minded speakers put the case for the new CCF line. One was a convention visitor, British Socialist M.P. Richard Crossman, who reminded his Canadian counterparts that Britain's Labor Party had already acknowledged the need for both private and public enterprise (TIME, July 23). Said Crossman: "Capitalism is not going to collapse." The other socialist plug for free enterprise came from Saskatchewan's CCF Premier Tommy Douglas, who could speak from experience as the head of the only government ever formed by the CCF. Shortly after taking office in 1944, Douglas launched a number of government-operated industries in the province of Saskatchewan; most of them wound up bankrupt, and the regime has since been encouraging private enterprise. Warned Douglas: "If you attempt to go forward under the banner of complete state ownership, you will be marching alone."

When the "Declaration of Principles" was put to a vote, only a few diehards held out. An overwhelming majority of delegates voted to proclaim a mixed economy as the CCF's new goal, and to file the 1933 manifesto as a quaint relic.

The Promised Land

Across Alberta's fertile grainlands, no farmers work their soil with greater diligence or more fruitfulness than the Hutterites, the bearded and devout descendants of German-speaking immigrants who fled Russia in 1874, seeking freedom to practice their austere faith. But Alberta's 4,000 Hutterites have been increasingly cramped by a provincial law restricting their land purchases and urgently want room to expand. Last week some of them



a haven of warmth and security or



an empty shell... silent and lonely

Which will be your

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seemed to have found their promised land in the Big Bend country of the Columbia River in the state of Washington.

Spiritual followers of Jacob Hutter, a 16th century Moravian patriarch who preached literal obedience to the Scriptures, the Hutterites first settled in South Dakota; in 1918 many of them moved to Alberta to escape U.S. draft laws. They established seven colonies, or *Bruderhöfe*, each with 50 to 75 members. As each colony became overcrowded, it divided its assets to set up a new *Bruderhof*.

In World War II, while Hutterite sons stayed home as conscientious objectors, an irritated Alberta government forbade the Hutterites to buy any new land.² The law was later relaxed to permit some new



Orville Brunelle—19th president
BRUDERHOF PRESIDENT GROSS
A man needs room to live.

land purchases, but none within 40 miles of an old *Bruderhof*. The Hutterites had to look to Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and back to the U.S. for new living room.

This spring the Hutterites of Pincher Creek, Alta., quietly bought 1,000 acres of farmland near Lind, Wash., leased an additional 5,000 acres with an option to buy. Last week 23 members of the *Bruderhof* who went ahead to take over the new land were bringing in their first grain harvest. Pincher Creek's President Paul Gross was delighted with the results.

The Pincher Creek colonists were already eating vegetables from their Washington farm, looking forward to harvests of apples, cherries, raspberries, peaches and grapes. Even more gratifying to Gross was the welcome their new neighbors extended: "People from the Methodist, Mennonite and Lutheran churches came to visit us. They were very kind. There has been no objection against us whatever."

² A similar law passed by the South Dakota legislature in 1955 was voided as "too vague, indefinite and uncertain to be enforceable" (1956, July 23).

Will you pay the tax on my new fur coat?

Strange request? Not so strange as it sounds. Almost every day you actually do pay taxes for other people. Whenever you pay your income tax, or buy anything that is federally taxed, you're paying taxes for customers of federal government electric systems.

Your taxes go to build the federal plants that *serve* these people. Then, because customers of federal power systems don't pay their share of taxes in their electric bills, you have to be taxed *more* to make up the difference.

This kind of tax inequality isn't fair to you or any other taxpayer—and it isn't necessary. The more than 400 independent electric companies are ready and willing to provide the additional electricity the nation needs without depending on tax money to build new power plants. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Dispeptic Pianist **Oscar Levant** and his local TV show (*Words About Music*) were scuttled by Los Angeles' station KCOP after Levant began neglecting music to make off-color comments on such interesting compositions as **Marilyn Monroe** and **Richard Nixon**. Moaned his sponsor: "The show got too dirty. We want to sell carpets, not controversies." Confessed Wit Levant: "I was outraged at my taste . . . I'm like a middle-class James Joyce—extremely self-conscious. The station left it up to my own judgment, which I don't have."

New Jersey's No. 1 bachelor, Democratic Governor **Robert Meyner**, 48, long an escort of **Margaret Truman Daniel**, now an uncommitted favorite-son suitor of the White House, had nonetheless switched to a willowy, blue-eyed Stevenson named Helen, 28, a distant relative of **Adlai Stevenson**. Though Meyner was mum as ever about romance, Helen said they have been "friends" ever since May, when the governor was keynoter of a mock Democratic Convention at Ohio's Oberlin College (prexy: Helen's daddy, William Edwards Stevenson). Paralleling Helen's legitimate claim of kinship with Adlai, Kentucky's back-pounding Governor **Albert B. ("Happy") Chandler**, darkest Democratic horse now visible at all, also clomped into the consanguinity act with a hoarse declaration of Stevensonian blood in his wife's veins.* Happy's claim was as undocumented as it was tenuous—but it gave Adlai Stevenson, if elected, a perfect out to bar Happy from his Cabinet on the pretext of no nepotist appointments. As matters stood, all that Can-

* Happy's boast: Mildred Chandler is Adlai's sixth cousin, once removed.

date Stevenson had to say to Candidate Chandler about their family ties was "I'm impressed."

Footloosely trying a daytime reconnaissance in force, oil-rich Divorcee **Barbara ("Bobo") Rockefeller**, flanked by two legal wingmen and the mother of one of them, invaded the well-guarded mountain-top estate of her honeymooning ex-husband, Arkansas Squire **Winthrop Rockefeller**. Bobo set forth on her raid soon after getting word that a nurse, sent to Winrock Farm with little Winthrop, 7, to care for the lad during his regular half-summer visit with his father, had been booted off the estate. Arriving to rescue Winnie, Bobo soon had the child in her rented U-Drive-It car, but her operation stalled there because a burly Rockefeller guard grabbed the car keys. Versions of



United Press
BOBO ROCKEFELLER (AFTER BATTLE)
Wildcat in Winrock.

the skirmish diverged after that. Bobo claimed that a bullyboy had dragged her from the car, tossed her some ten feet onto hard gravel. Winthrop Rockefeller's forces later asserted that Bobo was "loud and abusive," "a wildcat." The Battle of Winrock then bogged, ended toward evening when a sheriff moseyed onto the scene. Reluctantly, Bobo gave young Winnie back, got her keys back, was escorted off with her troops to be charged with disturbing the peace. Back in Manhattan at week's end, bedded with "nervous exhaustion," Bobo was mulling possible assault raps against Squire Winthrop and three of his "henchmen."

Elated citizens of Monaco held a rousing, cork-popping celebration in appreciation of the fertility of their newly wed royalty. Massing in the square before the palace, the alerted Monacans, prayerful for an heir to the throne to prolong their immunity to French taxes and France's



United Press
THEIR HIGHNESSES, RAINIER & GRACE
Fiesta in February.

military draft, heard **Prince Rainier III** triumphantly proclaim: "Her Highness, the **Princess Grace**, expects the birth of a child in February! . . . This news . . . guarantees the continuance of our dynasty and . . . of the privileges and advantages of Monegasques!" Tax-free vivats resounded for hours.

On a lavender mound (a Lincoln), World Champion All-Around Cowboy **Casey Tibbs** roared across two South Dakota counties, hit speeds up to 100 m.p.h. Headed off by a sheriff, Tibbs climbed down, later drawled to a judge: "I thought I'd slacked off going through the towns." Drawled the judge: "Stoo."

In Buenos Aires, a juvenile court indicted Argentina's lecherous ex-Dictator **Juan Perón** on a charge of seducing his bobby-sox doxy, **Nélida ("Nelly") Rivas**, now 17, when she was 14, and carrying on with her for two years. In his Panamanian exile, creaky (60) Lover Perón was still carrying on with his subsequest flame (TIME, April 9). Dancer Isobel Martinez, at 23 a veritable crone by Perón's cradle-snatching standards.

Imagining himself a Negro at the suggestion of the Negro monthly *Ebony*, Mississippi's Nobel Prizewinning Author **William Faulkner** told how he would seek equal rights, turned out a piece not likely to please most Southern whites (few of whom buy *Ebony*). A colored Faulkner would advise the leaders of his race "to send every day to the white school to which he was entitled by his ability and capacity to go, a student of my race, fresh and cleanly dressed, courteous, without threat or violence, to seek admission." Among antagonistic whites, Faulkner asks himself, "Would you find it hard not to hate them?" His reply: "I would repeat to myself **Booker T. Washington's** words . . . 'I will let no man, no matter what his color, ever make me hate him.' . . . Hypothetical Negro Faulkner's



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How a Dixie Cup idea gets airline coffee service "off the ground"

The individual Dixie Cup for cream used by most airlines is tiny by almost any measurement—except one. It represents a *big* idea, the best way yet found to serve coffee "with"—in the air, or anywhere.

Today airline coffee service is fast, convenient and supremely economical, too, because of an ingenious Dixie-designed machine (above). Speedily, automatically it pre-portioned cream in countless thousands of these little Dixie Cups—brings the transportation industry important dollars-and-cents savings every day. Typical! Ideas are, and always have been, the Dixie Cup Company's stock-in-trade.

A Dixie Cup idea "retired" the unsanitary tin drinking cup used on trains almost two generations ago. Today leading railroads and airlines are serving complete meals on convenient, economical Dixie food service. Yes, and the super-streamliners of tomorrow have already included in their plans a super-modern food service... by Dixie Cup, of course.

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big decision: "I would be a member of the N.A.A.C.P., since nothing else in our U.S. culture has yet held out to my race that much hope. But I would remain only [if] the watchword of our flexibility [were] decency, quietness, courtesy, dignity; if violence and unreason come, it must not be from us."

India's deadly tiger eliminator (some 1,200 kills), the sure-shot Maharajah of Surguja, approached Canadian officials in New Delhi to arrange for him "to shoot a moose in Canada." Though having no reason to doubt the Maharajah's aim, the diplomats carefully replied that they would try to arrange for him to shoot "at" a moose. Last week five Canadian provinces and the Yukon territory were trying to lure the big-spending Maharajah to their respective hunting grounds. Of these, the Yukon issued a most sporting challenge to him to get there next month. Boasted a Yukon game official: "As the rutting season generally starts about the 10th of September, the bull moose will at that time be just as dangerous to meet as the Indian tiger!"

Tying flies for a Colorado fishing expedition. Topeka Oilman **Alf M. London**, 68, disclosed that he will be "far from the madding crowd" when the Republicans convene late this month. Furthermore, the 1936 G.O.P. standard-bearer will not even follow the convention antics of his fellow Republicans on TV: "It's going to be too cut and dried."

Sounding off in Honolulu, one of World War II's most regimented G.I.s. Author **Marion** (See *Here, Private Hargrove*) **Hargrove**, 36, sputtered like an unfading old soldier about today's U.S. Army being a sissy sanctuary. Said Hargrove: "Mothers, chaplains and loudmouthed Congressmen have taken over the Army. The Army can bluff for three weeks, but then the kids catch on that there's nothing it can do to them."

For the past six years, federal customs sleuths have been impounding, as fast as it poured into the U.S. from Europe and the Orient, a vast collection of erotica consigned to the Institute for Sex Research of Indiana University's Sexpiator **Alfred C. Kinsey**. The Government last week gave Zoologist Kinsey and his exorcists until this month's end to show why the treasure-trove of pornography should not be destroyed. Protested Kinsey: "The issue involved is the right of a scholar to have access to material which is denied the general public." Among the material that the federals would deny to Scholar Kinsey: 1) six naughty Chinese paintings dating from about 1750; 2) some spicy Parisian lithographs; 3) a handful of wooden and stone phallic symbols from China; 4) a little 18th century tome titled *The Lascivious Hypocrite, or The Triumph of Vice*; 5) a rather obscene Japanese scroll; 6) filthy drawings and lewd notations, tagged simply, "lavatory wall inscriptions."

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MEDICINE

Retarded Infants

Mary Ann Gibson, born in Los Angeles six months ago, took her formula contentedly, like any normal infant. Her father, William Gibson, 31, a plumber, thought his child was doing just fine. But his wife knew better: Louise Gibson, 23, had given birth to four children by a previous marriage, and realized that Mary Ann, for all her being a "good baby," was not normal. She was dwarfish and weak.

Two months ago, when Mary Ann developed a cold and fever, the Gibsons' family doctor advised the parents to take her to Los Angeles' Childrens Hospital. Through their stethoscopes, pediatricians at the hospital heard the peculiar swish

1,000,000 such cases in the U.S.). The Los Angeles clinic's director, Dr. Richard Koch, 34, and consultant, Dr. Arthur H. Parmelee Sr., 73, checked Mary Ann's physical history, tested her for motor ability, environmental adaptiveness and awareness. Dr. Parmelee told the parents that Mary Ann will be able to learn to dress and feed herself and play with other children, but at best will attain only the mentality of a six- or seven-year-old. The father blurted out: "I'll take bets on that, doctor. That baby's going to be all right! And there's no Orientals in our family."

Dr. Parmelee explained that Mongolism may occur in any family—that parents are not to blame. Studies indicate that injuries of unknown origin during

home as long as possible. In early years, Mongoloids are happy, playful and easily manageable. It is often the parents who need treatment. As a "parent counselor," Dr. Koch has to deal with marital tensions. "The problem is that these women don't want to have children again, and it often causes sexual incompatibility. I urge them to have children. It takes their guilt feelings away."

It is with other forms of mental retardation that the clinic is making most headway. If caught in time, some afflictions can be treated. Examples:

¶ A two-year-old girl with an undernourished brain resulting from low blood sugar (hypoglycemia) was put on a high-protein diet, given ACTH. Results: fewer convulsions, better mentality.

¶ A two-year-old girl with an undersized head and a severe mental retardation was brought for examination and treatment. X rays showed that the crevices which separated her skull bones had fused prematurely. Result: the growth of her brain was restricted in a viselike hemisphere. Dr. Koch recommended surgery to re-establish the crevices, hoped this would leave only a slight mental defect.

New Surgeon General

Appointed last week by President Eisenhower as the new Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service: Leroy E. Burney, 49, for the past two years an Assistant Surgeon General under Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, who resigned last month (TIME, July 9).

EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE: Indianapolis, Burney took his M.D. in 1930 at Indiana University School of Medicine, later studied at Johns Hopkins under a Rockefeller fellowship, went directly into public-health work. Pioneered mobile venereal-disease clinics, was assigned to the Navy during World War II, and went overseas to help fight VD among U.S. troops. Served as public-health commissioner of Indiana between 1945 and 1954, when he was called to Washington. With only two years as a top-ranking official in the U.S. Public Health Service, Burney surprised Washington by his appointment (ahead of other leading contenders) to boss the Government's vast health organization (annual budget: \$400 million).

PERSONALITY: Brown-haired, blue-eyed, meditative. Burney is married (two children), likes to read American history, plays golf in the mid-80s, enjoys swimming with his family at the pool of their apartment house in Alexandria, Va. An active joiner of medical organizations, he enjoys working with Boy Scout groups, helps them in health and safety work.

Burney's predecessor, who was involved in last year's troubles over polio-vaccine distribution, resigned (with a disability pension) to take a \$60,000-a-year job. By a recent act of Congress, the new Surgeon General receives \$22,626 annually—\$5,826 more than Dr. Scheele.

Since the ambitious program to inoculate U.S. children with Salk polio vaccine got under way 16 months ago, the U.S.



DRS. PARMELEE, KOCH & PATIENT
The dread diagnosis: Mongolism.

Bill Early

that signifies heart murmur. They noted other symptoms: sallow face, slanted eyes, puffy abdomen, great toes widely separated from the other toes, a pronounced line down the soles of both feet, flabby muscles, and a protruding tongue. The dread diagnosis: Mongolism.*

To the Age of 20. At Childrens Hospital, the Gibsons were referred to the Mental Retardation Clinic—one of 33 similar clinics in the U.S., most founded in recent years to spot and, when possible, to combat the tragic cases of mental retardation in infants (there are about

prenatal life—most likely near the eighth week of pregnancy—may be the cause.

The M.R. Clinic, organized in 1953, is now studying 50 retarded children under five, observing their activities and actually treating some afflictions. For Mongolism, however, the commonest single cause of mental retardation in infants, there is no cure. The doctors can only hope that careful studies will give them insight into its causes. In the meantime, they can treat many of its physical symptoms. Physicians use antibiotics to combat the susceptibility of Mongoloids to infections. Surgeons may correct heart conditions, the chief cause of debility and death. In 1960, Mongoloids rarely lived beyond infancy. A Mongoloid born in 1956 may expect to reach 20 years.

Advice for Parents. The clinic's advice to parents of Mongoloid children: even though the child will eventually be committed to an institution, keep him in the

* A term coined in 1866 by English Physician Langdon Down, because of the child's Oriental appearance. Modern pediatricians are trying to introduce a more precise term: congenital acromicria, which means underdevelopment of skull and extremities at birth. The condition occurs frequently in Caucasians (once in every 500-700 births), less frequently among Negroes—and rarely among Mongols.



DR. LEROY E. BURNAY

The responsibility: a nation's health.

Public Health Service has allocated the vaccine to each state to ensure a fair distribution. Last week, as his last official act as Surgeon General, Dr. Scheele took note of plentiful supply, ended Government control. Now the vaccine will flow through commercial channels directly to areas where demand is greatest.

Suicide

From the statistical mills of the World Health Organization comes a new tabulation of the death rates by suicide in 26 countries for which recent (1953) and reliable data are available. Notable absences: the U.S.S.R. and all the Iron Curtain countries. Most of the English-speaking nations are in the middle of the list, but otherwise no clear pattern emerges. Some of the statistics (in death rates per 100,000 for each sex for the year):

	Total	Male	Female
Denmark	24.1	32.3	16.0
Austria	23.4	32.7	15.3
Switzerland	21.8	34.1	10.1
Japan	20.5	24.5	16.5
Sweden	18.6	28.2	9.0
West Germany	18.2	25.7	11.7
Finland	17.4	28.5	7.3
France	15.3	24.0	7.2
Union of South Africa	11.9	19.4	4.4
England & Wales	10.8	14.2	7.6
United States	10.1	16.1	4.3
White	10.8	17.2	4.6
Nonwhite	3.8	6.4	1.3
Norway	7.7	11.0	4.3
Netherlands	6.5	8.5	4.6
Italy	6.4	9.2	3.9
Spain	5.9	9.1	2.9
Scotland	5.5	7.7	3.5
Northern Ireland	3.3	4.7	2.0
Ireland	2.3	3.3	1.2

The WHO statisticians offer no explanation on why Norway's rate should be so much lower than those in the rest of Scandinavia, or The Netherlands' so much

lower than neighboring Germany's. Nor is there an explanation of the equally puzzling question of why such a war-racked country as Austria figures in the same high bracket as long peaceful and orderly Switzerland and Sweden. Possible answer: the extreme of security may be as deadly to the human spirit as the extreme of insecurity.

Nursing Homes

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ESTATE—IDEAL FOR REST HOME.

Such ads are a familiar sight on the real-estate pages of U.S. newspapers, and every year more private houses are converted into small nursing homes for oldsters and invalids. There are now about 7,700 such homes in the U.S., caring for nearly 150,000 people. But many of the "beautiful country estates" are firetraps, inadequately adapted for hospital use. Grim evidence of that fact was furnished last week in Puxico, Mo. There, in a 50-year-old wood-frame house, Mrs. Blertha Reagan, 53, a practical nurse, ran a convalescent home that technically conformed to state laws even though there was neither full-time nurse nor night attendant nor fire alarm. One night last week fire swept through the hallways of the three-story home. Twelve people were killed: Mrs. Reagan, her seven-year-old grandson and ten patients including one who could not walk.

Last year the Missouri legislature had passed a law providing for fire protection in convalescent homes, only to have it invalidated by an attorney general's ruling. Missouri, however, is not alone in its neglect of convalescent homes. To find out what sort of people are in such homes, what they pay and what kind of care they get, the U.S. Public Health Service collaborated with the Commission on Chronic Illness in a detailed study in 13 representative states. Results:

¶ More than 80% of Connecticut's homes have registered nurses on their staffs; in several states only 40% to 50% of the homes have R.N.s, while in Wyoming and Oklahoma "the home with a registered nurse is practically nonexistent.

¶ The inmates desperately need care. Only 10% are under 65, and the median age is 80. About half cannot walk, or can do so only with help; 20% are confined to bed; more than half are mentally confused, and one-third cannot control bladder and bowels. More than a third are suffering from the aftereffects of heart attacks or strokes. Yet in half the states studied, one-sixth of the inmates had not seen a doctor in six months.

¶ Despite the label "proprietary," these homes are supported largely from public funds paid out of welfare coffers. In Connecticut a private patient pays an average of \$230 a month, but public authorities will pay only \$160. California ponies up \$120 for welfare cases, against a private charge of \$210; Georgia gets by with \$55 public against \$125 private.

Overall conclusion to be drawn: most U.S. convalescent homes are not medically oriented—or, indeed, safely oriented.

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The Pump Room's flaming swords, the College Inn Porterhouse's cowboy waiters—these are the "trademarks" of Chicago's two internationally-acclaimed restaurants. Housed in Chicago's two best hotels, the Ambassador and the Sherman, their world-famous cuisines are equalled by the appointments, accommodations and service to be found in these great hotels. Suites and rooms offer television, radio and air-conditioning. When you visit Chicago, let the reputation of these two great restaurants guide you to Chicago's two best hotels.



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Top Ten

The ten most popular TV shows in the U.S., according to the latest American Research Bureau ratings:

- 1) *The \$64,000 Question* (CBS)
- 2) *Ed Sullivan Show* (CBS)
- 3) *The \$64,000 Challenge* (CBS)
- 4) *What's My Line?* (CBS)
- 5) *I've Got a Secret* (CBS)
- 6) *General Electric Theater* (CBS)
- 7) *Lawrence Welk Show* (ABC)
- 8) *The Best of Gringo* (NBC)
- 9) *Do You Trust Your Wife?* (CBS)
- 10) *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (CBS)

The 120 Million Audience

TV's three big networks this week are mobilizing some staggering forces and equipment for their 70-hour gavel-to-gavel coverage of the two political conventions. If 1956 fails to provide the best political show yet, it will certainly offer the biggest. Items:

¶ Ninety-six cameras will be deployed in Chicago and San Francisco to bring the big show (at a cost of \$17 million) to a forecast 120 million people—the biggest mass audience in history (twice the number that saw the 1952 convention, twelve times the 1948 show).

¶ New coaxial cables have been laid. Nearly 73,000 miles of TV channels will link 400 stations in 270 U.S. cities.

¶ An electronic blanket has been thrown over both convention cities. To harness all the new gadgetry, some 2,700 radio-TV people have already swept into the Midwest, hauling 60 tons of electronic eavesdroppers (cameras no bigger than a Cracker Jack box). Dick Tracy walkie-talkies, mini-corders, creepie-peepees and giant telescopic cranes that can poke around into hotel windows from the street.

¶ Automatic tabulating boards, flashing the changing total of delegation votes, will be superimposed on the viewer's screen so that he will not lose sight of the main convention activity.

¶ Devices for splitting screens into five segments will enable viewers to see both the platform speaker and his party friends and foes at the same time.

¶ NBC will unveil an "ultra-portable" TV receiver so that delegates can see and talk with each other from different parts of the city, and viewers can watch them both on a split screen.

¶ At Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, two entire floors are being transformed into TV studios; cameras are being moved in on floors where delegates will sleep, play and caucus. At San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, a special TV crew will live in continuous wait for Harold Stassen.

¶ The networks have also marshaled a crew of caterers, cooks, maids, helicopter pilots, chauffeurs for VIPs, commercial plane pilots and swimming-pool attendants (for NBC's plastic pool built especially to revive numbed delegates—and newsmen). Betty Furness gets a whole

new kitchen this year from Westinghouse (which is picking up a \$5,000,000 tab for CBS for convention-through-election-night coverage), and a security guard to beat off the hungry. A recording company will offer free facilities to the 1,150 independent radio-TV newsmen for their small-town and foreign-based stations.

For the first time, the conventions are frankly being tailored to meet the demands of TV. With all the talk of "electronic journalism," the show itself will have more to live up to this year.

¶ To brief the delegates and alternates—the real actors in the convention drama—and give them an idea of the camera's



POOL DIRECTOR DOYLE
He will coll the shots.

X-ray powers. CBS last month aired two (one for each party) closed-circuit "orientation broadcasts" to 167 affiliate stations, showing how TV plans to cover the conventions. Top commentators urged delegates to be "natural and sincere," warned that the relentless camera catches not only the impassioned oratory but private mutterings and uncouth mannerisms as well.

¶ To minimize dull spots, convention machinery will grind faster. Promised Democratic Chairman Paul Butler: "We are planning a brisk, businesslike affair."

¶ The familiar red-white-blue hunting has been discarded in favor of "simple, dignified, and at the same time, traditional" décor, predominantly TV blue.

¶ Speakers' platforms are gimmicked up to catch both festival and brawl. A teleprompter will be rigged alongside special air-blowers designed to keep speakers cool under the TV glare, and a built-in elevator at the rostrum is being installed to adjust the speakers' height to the cameras (which are hard to move, what with delegates about). Instead of rows of dignitaries clogging the platform, only a few com-



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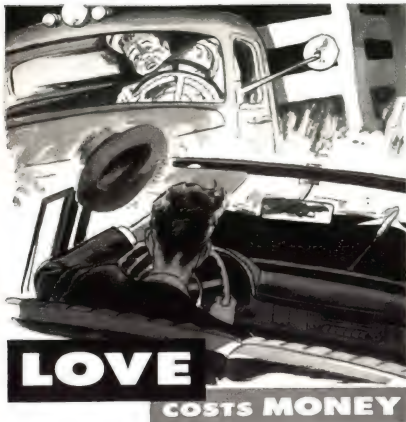
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THIS IS a tragedy about to occur—as it does much too commonly on the American scene today. Blinding lights on a curve, a screech of brakes—then death.

Who was to blame is not important, for this tragedy extends far beyond the death that happened here. The husband, and father, has suddenly been taken away and no one can replace him.

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mitteemen and VIPs will be onstage—against a bare backdrop.

¶ Republican Bertha Adkins, assistant to Chairman Leonard Hall, is handing out TV-inspired advice to the ladies: no large-brim hats or veils ("they might keep the televisioners from recognizing their delegates"), nothing white next to the face ("detracts from the skin tone of TV images"), no big-striped dresses or shiny jewelry.

¶ TV's key men will scarcely be seen at all. TV Pool Director Bob Doyle (NBC) will call the shots, decide which of the images from scores of cameras will go inside the nation's homes, offices and bars. Between acts the spotlight will fall on the sideshows: Will Rogers Jr., Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, George Gallup, Dave Garroway *et al.* Walt Kelly's Pogo, campaigning for President (on NBC) with "four buckets of cigar smoke," hopes to "lull the regular parties into a false sense of security by repeated attempts to clarify the issues."

Despite all the new equipment, no drastic departure in TV reporting is planned. Says Newsman Chet Hagen (NBC): "In '52, the TV gimmick ran the newsmen. At these conventions the news will come first, even if we don't always have a picture to go along with it." Adds CBS Production Boss Paul Levitan: "There's too much emphasis on folderol—that's just the pad and pencil of the TV reporter. Our job is simply to report the news."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Aug. 9. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

All-Star Football (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Cleveland Browns v. College All-Stars.

Atlantic City Holiday (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). With Polly Bergen, Jack Carter, Rocky Graziano, Miss Universe, Jayne Mansfield.

These Are the Men (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Democratic Keynote Governor Frank Clement and leading Democratic candidates, with Moderator Quincy Howe.

Democratic Convention (Mon. 1 p.m., through all sessions, all TV & radio networks).

The Chevy Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Janet Blair, Fernando Lamas, Gene Nelson.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). "Vaudeville Reminiscences," discussed by Clifton Fadiman, Bennett Cerf, Richard Maney.

Convention Fever (Thurs. 10:05 p.m., CBS). Past convention speeches by William Jennings Bryan, William Howard Taft, Wendell Willkie, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Clare Boothe Luce, with Narrator Robert Trout.

Convention Carousel (Sat. 9:05 p.m., ABC). Cook's tour of Chicago with John Daly.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). Sibelius Festival in Helsinki.

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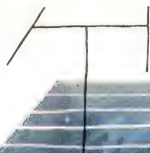


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*Beautifully designed and lithographed
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selling excitement for hundreds of products*

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BONDWARE®

TAILOR-MADE
PACKAGE SERVICE

CONTINENTAL  CAN COMPANY

SERVING INDUSTRY...SERVING AMERICA



Ever watch a forest die?

No? Well, I have. It started two days ago. Seems like two years. "Big fire over the ridge," they told me. "Everybody's needed."

So I've been fighting it for forty-eight hours. Sweating and choking in the smoke till my eyes and lungs feel burnt out. Didn't have enough to eat in that time. Don't know as I'm hungry right now, though. I'm just plain beat.

The paper'll talk about a million-dollar loss. But when you read it you

won't see the red hell that turned big trees into living torches. You won't hear the roar of it or know the black discouragement of falling back, defeated, time after time.

What am I thinking about, besides my aches and pains? Well, I remember a lucky deer that raced past—a bear and her two cubs that got away. And the scorched young trees that would have been forest some day. Then I think of the boys on the big yellow bulldozers, rummaging

through brush and trees and blinding smoke to cut the firebreak along the ridge. That's what finally licked it.

Last of all I think of you. Was it you who dropped the match? You, who tossed the cigarette out the car window, or left the campfire smoldering? If it was, I wish you'd been here with me to see this forest die.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

RED, YELLOW, OR

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

WHEN YOU THINK OF
FORESTS, THINK OF THE BIG
YELLOW MACHINES THAT HELP GUARD THEM

MUSIC

Symphonic Jam Session

As the members of the San Diego Symphony filed onstage for the second half of their concert at the Balboa Park Bowl last week, they were impeccably dressed in black dinner jackets and black formals. But among them suddenly appeared four raffish young men in beige sports jackets and striped ties. They were the Dave Brubeck Jazz Quartet, there to perform in Howard Brubeck's *Dialogues for Combo and Orchestra*. It was the first time that a jazz group improvised in a concert with a symphony orchestra.

To jazzmen used to going "way out" on free-swinging improvisations, much of modern symphonic music has long seemed both sterile and inhibited. Composer Howard Brubeck, a college music teacher and brother of Pianist Dave Brubeck, wrote his *Dialogues* in an effort to uninhibit things by wedding improvisation with formal music. Both the jazzmen and the symphonic musicians had some doubts about the project. "We can't memorize and play a piece we don't like the way a legit musician can," Dave said when he first heard Howard's plans. But he changed his mind when he heard Howard's fast-breaking, dissonant orchestral score. "It's O.K.," said Alto Saxman Paul Desmond. "Everything's out of tune."

To permit maximum improvisation within a prescribed form, Howard wrote four separate "dialogues," in each of which the quartet and orchestra treat a set of melodic and harmonic ideas. In the second dialogue, for instance, the orchestra (conducted by Howard himself) opened with a blues-like theme on the English horn with accompaniment from the cellos. The combo (Brubeck, Desmond, Bassman Norman Bates and Drum-

mer Joe Dodge) then came in with a heavily accented "discussion" of the theme with orchestral string accompaniment, took off on a series of improvisations without the orchestra, then joined the orchestra again in a written variation on the main theme.

By the time the combo cut loose from the orchestra in the second dialogue, the audience was bouncing, the orchestra was grinning and one lady violinist was tapping out the syncopated beat with her foot. Some critics felt that the contrast between the styles of the orchestra and the combo was too great and that Composer Brubeck had written not a dialogue but a series of intersecting monologues.

Howard Brubeck's answer: In future compositions he expects to give both the jazzmen and the orchestra far greater opportunity to improvise. Mozart, Bach and other 18th century composers, he points out, left a great deal to the performers' discretion, sometimes providing only basic themes and certain harmonies. It is high time, he feels, that U.S. composers started to follow their lead.

Cutting the Mustard

"I was driving, see, cool like down the freeway. A young kid in a twin pipe job come up on me fast on the right. He was a goner. He cockeyed near cooled me man. So I said, 'Jimmy, let's write a song about this cool cat.' I don't even know the name of the guy. But I got even. Man. I got even!"

The frenetic speaker is a 44-year-old singer-composer known as "Nervous Norvus" (real name: Jimmy Drake). His revenge consisted of writing and recording a nerve-jangling rock 'n' roll tune called *Transfusion*, and within three months it made its composer one of the most successful song peddlers in the business.

Bonk, Bonk, Bonk. As is clear from his opening measures, Jimmy Drake achieved his overnight success without the benefit of a musical education. What he has in abundance, however, is the ability to regard the world with the fractured gaze of a teen-ager. Reminiscing about his career, he recalls that his mother gave him a banjo when he was still a schoolboy in Los Angeles and remarked, "Here, go make something of yourself." But, says Jimmy sadly, "I just couldn't cut the mustard. So then my grandmother, she bought me a uke and said, 'Jimmy, try this thing.' and boy I really cut the mustard!" Three years ago Jimmy was driving a truck to support his family and idly plunking away at his uke in the evenings ("I dream—I go 'bonk, bonk, bonk—I just fool around'"), when he became inspired by the high wit of a local rock 'n' roll disc jockey named Red Blanchard and enrolled in a 60-lesson musical correspondence course ("I learned to read music in the first ten and quit"). He bought a tape recorder and started strumming his own tunes, singing the lyrics aloud in an adenoal tenor. "All



Ralph Crane—LIVE

NERVOUS NORVUS
Getting crimson from Jimson.

I do," he says, "is just take it easy. I sit in my own backyard, and I got dark glasses on. Then I start going 'ump, ump, ump,' like I get the rhythm first, see? I take it cool, and there's nobody irritating me in my own backyard."

Pass the Claret. *Transfusion*, which is punctuated at regular intervals by the screech of tires and a deafening crash, tells the adventures of a crazed driver who cracks up repeatedly and requires countless pints of blood.

My foot's on the throttle and it's made of lead

But I'm a fast-riding Daddy with a real cool head.

I am a gonna pass a truck on the hill ahead . . .

CRASH

Transfusion, transfusion

My red corpsuckles are in mass con-

fusion,

I'm never, never, never gonna speed

again.

Pour the crimson in me, Jimson.

After successive crashes, this final appeal changes to "Shoot the juice to me Bruce," "Pass the claret to me, Barrett," "Put a gallon in me, Allen," and finally, in a weak whisper, "Hey Daddy-O. Make that Type O." Shocked by all the claret, NBC and ABC banned the song, but *Transfusion* sold half a million records in two weeks, is now inching toward the million mark. As Nervous Norvus ("I invented Nervous: I'm the cat that invented that"), Drake found himself famous. He has since produced another hit called *Ape Call*. "The pterodactyl was a flyin' fool, a breeze-flappin' Daddy of the o-o-ld school. He expects to make around \$65,000 this year, but he has an anchor to windward. 'The boss told me I can always get my job back with that cool trucking company,' he says. 'Now wasn't that something for a real cool cat to do?'"



Ted Low

DAVE (LEFT) & HOWARD BRUBECK
Going way out with Bach.

EDUCATION

The Testmakers

In 94 towns and cities across the U.S. one day this week, hundreds of jittery boys and girls reported in at specified schools, sat down at the desks assigned to them, and waited for the clock to strike nine. For the next three hours they tackled questions for which none of them could have crammed. They matched pairs of words (POSSESS is to LOSE, as a) *hesitate* is to advance, b) *cease* is to recur, c) *undertake* is to perform, d) *continue* is to desist, e) *produce* is to supply); solved math problems and arranged given sentences into intelligible paragraphs ("a) Since his day it has undergone change, b) President James Monroe announced it in 1823, c) Its primary purpose, security for the Republic, has, however, remained the same, d) The Monroe Doctrine, one of the most famous statements of American foreign policy, has been in effect for more than a century"). Then, after an afternoon of hour-long objective tests in special subjects, the students' papers were collected and sent off to be scored. The scores will in part answer a fateful question: Which of the boys and girls will get into college?

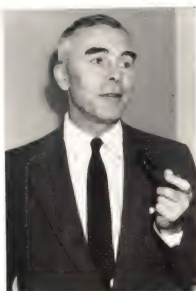
Hard to Escape. The organization that helps answer that question is Princeton's Educational Testing Service (no kin to Princeton University), which in eight years has become an extraordinary power in U.S. education. It began when three separate groups—the College Entrance Examination Board, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and the American Council on Education—decided that one central agency should take over the overlapping testing activities all three were carrying on. Under President Henry Chauncey, 51, onetime assistant dean of freshmen at Harvard, the E.T.S. soon expanded far beyond the college boards. Financed by student fees, test sales and foundation grants, it now handles about 2,000,000 tests a year, coordinates the scholarship activities of more than 100 colleges and universities.

Today, scarcely a student in the whole country can get through his education without having his destiny in some way shaped by the E.T.S.

Because of its size and power, the service has inevitably stirred up controversy. For one thing, some educators deplored the passing of the old essay question ("Discuss the consequences of the Dred Scott decision") in favor of the objective type ("The chief justice in the Dred Scott Case was: 1. John C. Calhoun, 2. Roger B. Taney, 3. William Lloyd Garrison, 4. Salmon P. Chase, 5. Stephen A. Douglas"). The new tests, said the critics, might be able to determine a student's superficial knowledge of a subject, but they gave no indication of whether he could think or organize his material. The critics admitted that the objective questions were economical and easy to mark, that by eliminating the necessity

for individual readers, they did away with many injustices. But still, the problem remained: Would not the new tests also do away with the more important and intangible values in education?

Beyond Facts. No one is more aware of that problem than Henry Chauncey and his 90 experts. Though the E.T.S. does make up essay examinations, Chauncey feels that in such a huge undertaking as the college boards, for instance, the objective question not only covers more ground but can be fully as searching as the essay. Before devising each test, the E.T.S. staff holds long conferences with teachers, professors and experts on the subjects in question. They draw up lists of possible problems, test them out on guinea-pig students, gradually weed out those that are too easy, too confusing,



DESTINY SHAPER CHAUNCEY

Like the process of choosing a wife.

or irrelevant. But in all its tests, the effort of the E.T.S. is to get beyond mere factual knowledge.

In answering the question: "The lasting significance of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 lies in its provision for a) an Indian policy, b) universal manhood suffrage, c) the exclusion of the British from the Northwest territory, d) the settlement of the Northwest territory, and e) a method for admitting new states into the Union," a student must know more than the bare provisions of the ordinance. He must take into account that the ordinance's Indian policy never became permanent, that universal manhood suffrage came much later than 1787, that the British question was settled before the ordinance, and that the settlement of the Northwest territory was of much less "lasting significance" than the method of admitting states into the Union.

In picking out two lines of poetry

similar in some way other than in meaning (a) With jellies smoother than the creamy curd, b) When I consider how my light is spent, c) When Ajax strides some rock's vast weight to throw), a student must show a high degree of literary perception. Each line has ten syllables, and each is in iambic pentameter. But only b makes little attempt to convey meaning through the sound of the words used.

Who's an Engineer? With a \$4,000,000 budget, the E.T.S. has made up tests for law and medical schools, the armed-services academies, for the Knights of Columbus, the American Board of Surgery and the National Science Foundation. It is now trying to find ways to predict what sort of person will make a good salesman, a good minister or an engineer. It has brought new order to the nation's various scholarship programs, and to a large extent, it has eliminated the advantages that the private secondary schools once had in preparing for the old, more predictable college boards.

But having found an economical way of testing whole masses of students, has it sacrificed the individual to a bunch of IBM machines? That, says President Chauncey, is something the colleges and graduate schools must remedy themselves. "It is," says he, "interesting that when colleges first use our tests, almost without exception, they place too much faith in them. We emphatically discourage such dependence. There is no more a right way or wrong way for all colleges to choose their students than there is for all men to choose their wives."

Pigs Aren't Pigs

If a U.S. Air Force pilot, after musing around in a plane so full of creeps that it should have been deacidined long ago, manages to get by an enemy pig, drop an aimable cluster for a shack, and then grease it in without bugging out or buying a farm, would he be likely to be a penguin? Last week non-airmen could find the answer to that question (no) in a special 16,500-word dictionary of fly-talk put out by the Air University. The Air Force not only makes up words and phrases (e.g., *brain bucket* for crash helmet, *raunchy* for sloppy, *zorch* for excellent); it also uses ordinary words in some peculiar ways. Samples:

Mush—to gain little or no altitude or to lose altitude when the angle of attack would normally indicate a gain.

Creep—an undesirable play or movement in a mechanism.

Drudline—to designate equipment as unfit for a particular use.

Pie—a barrage balloon.

Aimable cluster—a cluster of bombs held together so as to be aimed and dropped by ordinary bombing methods.

Shuck—a direct hit.

Grease—to make an exceptionally smooth landing.

Bug—to retreat in panic or in haste, as in "They bugged out of Seoul."

Farm—as in "to buy a farm," to crash.

Penguin—a person entitled to wear wings but not on flying status.

Tailored to Measure

As he gazed from across the street at the big, abandoned mansion in Rutherford, N.J., the young facultyman from Columbia University fell to musing. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," said he, "to turn that place into a college?" Eventually, Peter Sammartino did just that, but the institution he founded was far from orthodox. Now known as Fairleigh Dickinson University, it is one man's aggressive but imaginative answer to the increasing demand for higher education.

The son of an Italian-born pastry cook, Sammartino graduated from City College, studied at the Sorbonne, finally became an associate of the now defunct experimental New College at Teachers College, Columbia. There, in the mid-'30s, he took part in a survey of high-school principals around Rutherford, found them agreed that too many of their students were missing out on a college education either because they could not afford to go to a campus away from home or because they could not get the training they wanted. In 1941 Sammartino and a group of the principals began discussing plans for a two-year junior college, got Rutherford's wealthy (surgical instruments) Colonel Fairleigh S. Dickinson excited over the idea. Dickinson arranged the purchase of the abandoned mansion and turned it over to Sammartino. In 1942 the new college opened its doors.

"You're Nuts." The time was hardly propitious. The armed services were draining U.S. campuses of their students, and one college official bluntly warned Sammartino: "Everybody else is either cutting down or folding up. You must be nuts." The first year, Fairleigh Dickinson managed to attract only 60 day and 90 night students. But balding President Sammartino offered something special to the community. He made local high-school prin-



THE CASTLE AT FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
Wouldn't it be wonderful to turn that place into a college?"

cipals his board of educational directors, evolved with them a curriculum that could be tailored to what local high-school seniors seemed to want and need. By 1945 his enrollment had jumped to 650.

As the community grew, so did the college. Though it offered basic liberal arts, it placed heavy emphasis on training students for careers. Its keynote from the start was flexibility. If an electronics or engineering student wanted to study only part of the year and work the rest, Sammartino would arrange with a local industry for him to do so.

"If You Can't Get in . . ." As might be expected, the college at first had to take its share of abuse. "If you can't get into college," local wags would say, "you can always go to Fairleigh Dickinson." But nearby industries continued to give Sammartino support, and his ten-acre campus flourished. He added a two-year nursing course, a school of dental hygiene, courses in hotel and restaurant management. In 1954 he took over the dying (150 students) Bergen Junior College in nearby Teaneck, included both campuses in the single full-fledged four-year college. He persuaded a steady stream of celebrities—e.g., Ralph Bunche, Madame Pandit, Perle Mesta, Gloria Swanson—to visit and speak. Finally, Sammartino's biggest dream came true. This June the New Jersey State Board of Education gave the once struggling two-year college permission to call itself a university.

Last week Fairleigh Dickinson showed other signs of success. It has had more than 2,000 applications for the 950 vacancies in its coming freshman class, will hit a total enrollment of 7,250. Meanwhile, the number of companies competing for F.D. graduates has gone up from twelve in 1953 to 87. After 14 years, Peter Sammartino may not have created a candidate for the Ivy League, but he has built an institution that suits his community. "Some-

body," says he, "has to pioneer in providing a college education for the increased number who want it at a price within their means. That is what we are attempting to do at Fairleigh Dickinson."

Report Card

¶ In Tokyo the Exchange Student Association, an informal group of students who have studied abroad, decided to publish a few words of wisdom for the benefit of the 1,000 young Japanese who will spend next year in the U.S. Sample advice to the girls: "When an American man starts behaving wickedly to you, don't hesitate to slap him in the face. This works instantly in the Land of Ladies First." Advice to the men: "It's ladies first, of course, when you enter a car or a door or sit down. But on a stairway, be sure to walk ahead of the lady. This is because the skirts are getting so short." Advice for all: "Americans consider a train coach a parlor, and pandemonium will result if any Japanese strip to their underwear, as on Japanese trains."

¶ The national organization of the Sigma Kappa sorority notified its chapters at Cornell and Tufts universities that "for the good of the sorority as a whole," it was expelling them both. Though headquarters gave no specific reasons, the chapters had a pretty good guess: last spring, the Tufts chapter pledged two Negroes, the Cornell chapter one.

¶ At the request of the privately supported Asia Foundation, whose members include Author James A. Michener, Paul Hoffman and Eric Johnston, the International Correspondence Schools World Ltd. opened up special operations in Hong Kong and on Formosa to provide low-cost courses in mechanical engineering for Chinese students living outside of Red China. Reason for the move: each year Red China is inducing thousands of young people on to the mainland by offering educational opportunities not available elsewhere.



FOUNDER SAMMARTINO
"Somebody has to pioneer."

SCIENCE

Thicket Without Thorns

Dawn was breaking over Edwards Air Force Base at California's Muroc Dry Lake when the husky, dark-browed test pilot chugged up to the flight line in a battered model A Ford coupé. Lieut. Colonel Frank K. Everest Jr., 35, wiggled into his girdle-tight high-altitude suit, picked up his crash helmet and headed for the runway where a four-engined B-50 waited. Clamped tight to the B-50's fat belly was "Pete" Everest's aircraft—a sleek, needle-nosed little job with "Bell X-2" painted on its sides.

Pilot Everest climbed aboard the B-50, waved to the waiting crew, sat down behind the pilots. Engines rumbling, then roaring, the B-50 gathered speed, rose into

2,3. But something was wrong. Trouble in the X-2's engine was holding her down.

Everest decided to go ahead anyway. When the rocket engine took its last gulp of alcohol, water and liquid oxygen, he was screaming through the sky at 1,900 m.p.h. (close to mach 2.9), far from his goal, but also far above the previous record of 1,650 m.p.h. set in 1953 by his friend, Major Chuck Yeager. Exactly 20 minutes after he had been cut loose from the B-50, Pete Everest, gliding toward the field, was overtaken by a supersonic F-100 that had been left far behind by his wild ride, and escorted to a dead-stick landing on the dry bottom of Muroc Lake.

You Can't Stand Still. When they swarmed over the X-2, engineers found welcome news. Made of heat-resistant



PILOT EVEREST & X-2
After dod dropped him, 1,900 m.p.h.

the brightening sky. Everest waited until the B-50 had labored to 30,000 ft., snugged down helmet and oxygen mask for the last time, then walked aft and let himself down into the cockpit of the silent X-2.

To 70,000. The B-50 was in position, and Pete Everest had swiftly checked instruments, controls, oxygen. Into the mike in his mask he began to count the seconds before the drop: "Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one. Drop me, dad!" The bomber pilot pulled a lever, and the X-2 plummeted away.

Within seconds, the plane's Curtiss-Wright rocket engine—powerful enough to drive a Navy cruiser—cut in with a roar. Violently the X-2 shot forward, Everest brought up her nose and began an accelerating climb to 70,000 ft. There, under the deep-purple sky, he leveled off, fired up all the rocket power he had and set out for his goal: 2,500 m.p.h., 850 m.p.h. faster than man had ever flown. The machmeter danced upwards—.2, 1, 2, 2,

stainless steel and nickel alloy with a specially tempered windshield designed to withstand 1,000° F. temperatures, the X-2 was built to probe the "thermal thicket" of supersonic speeds where the heat generated by friction with the atmosphere can turn metal into putty. But there were no thorns in the thicket for the X-2. She was untouched.

Last week when word of his record-breaking flight in late July leaked out at the convention of the Air Force Association in New Orleans, Lieut. Colonel Everest was on his way to a new assignment at the Armed Forces Staff College. Everest, a veteran of more than 14 flying years, was not bothered by the fact that another pilot would soon be flying his plane in altitude tests perhaps at speeds faster than his record. "I've accomplished my mission at Edwards," the world's fastest man told his parents back in Fairmont, W. Va., where he decided as a kid to become a pilot. "and you can't stand still."

Look Into a Legend

Legend has it that the first emperor of Japan was descended from the sun and the sea, and ascended the throne on Feb. 11, 660 B.C.^o During the 26 centuries since, Japanese governments have often used the legend as an anchor when storms rocked the ship of state. During the deadly gale of World War II, the government played up the legend to bolster morale, even forced eminent scholars into backing the "divine nation" story.

Since the war, the legend has dimmed. Few knowledgeable Japanese have taken the tale seriously since Emperor Hirohito conceded in 1946 that he was only human, after all. Last week, determined to clear up the matter of the nation's divine origins, a band of 30 jeep-riding scientists swarmed around the mountain peak of Takachiho on the island of Kyushu, where, according to legend, Ho-wori-no-mikoto, the heavenly ancestor of emperors, came to earth.

Let the Myths Fall. Leader of the expedition, sponsored by the Shinto Cultural Society, is a small, slim bachelor named Masaji Takikawa, a professor who has spent most of his 65 years studying Oriental and Japanese history.

Takikawa, wearing a floppy white hat and open-necked shirt against the hot Kyushu sun, promised to let the myths fall where they may. "Prewar history taught in the schools has been discarded as false," he explained. "A race which loses its history becomes a rudderless ship. That's the dangerous position Japan is in today. To get out of it, the Japanese must look facts in the face." To the local citizens who have always considered themselves heaven-sent, Takikawa bluntly said: "We will not distort or slant our findings to please you. If this sounds cold, it's because there's nothing colder than pure scientific research."

Hold to Spiritual Truths. With this chilling announcement, Takikawa and his fellows set to work. Archaeologists surveyed pit dwellings and caves. Shin-to researchers examined shrines, pored over ancient manuscripts. Anthropologists cross-examined villagers about festival and harvest customs. Sociologists peered at pots and looms.

At week's end the fact-finding task force had found not a shred of evidence to support the legend. After a brief look at a stone tablet engraved with what the people called "god writing," the archaeologists dismissed it as being "only about three centuries old—probably the work of some local mountain hermit." But the leaders of Shinto, the indigenous Japanese religion with roots closely bound to the legend, seemed unconcerned about what the scientists would find. "Whatever historical facts the scientists find cannot destroy the spiritual truths of our religion," said one. "any more than scientific analysis of miracles destroys the truths of Christianity."

^o An arbitrary date set by Japanese scholars in 1925.



FIRE



THEFT



LIABILITY

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Willie's Luck

Bad luck has dogged the sports career of U.S. Army Private Willie J. Williams, 24, a powerful Negro from Gary, Ind. At the University of Illinois he wanted to be a football star in the worst way, but during a preseason drill in his junior year he broke a leg and never played football again. Later he won a fistful of Big Ten sprint championships, was leadoff man on the 400-meter relay team that set a Pan American record in Mexico in 1955. But when the Army shipped him to Los Angeles to try for the Olympic team, a bad break stopped him once more. He suffered leg cramps, was roundly beaten, and missed making the passenger list for Melbourne. Last week stomach trouble kept Willie Williams from training for the International Military Track Meet in West Berlin. He went into his qualifying heat for the 100-meter dash still feeling queasy and with precious little practice behind him.

This time, sick as he was, Willie outran his luck. On the same fast track where Jesse Owens raced off with the 1936 Olympic Games (in the unhappy presence of Adolf Hitler), Private Williams slammed off the starting blocks and sprinted to the tape in 10.1 sec., an impressive one-tenth of a second faster than Owens' own 100-meter world record. Others had equaled Owens' mark; none had ever broken it. Even Willie could hardly believe the stop watches.

Next day, in another heat, U.S. Army Pfc. Ira Murchison, a sprinter who had made the Olympics team, equaled Willie's performance. But Willie had already demonstrated that he is at least as good as the best. In the finals, he showed that he is probably better. Once more, the man who will not represent the U.S. in the Australian Olympics—skipped 100 meters in 10.1 sec. Pfc. Murchison was second in 10.2.

Handicapper at Work

For the first time in his racing career, a handicap of 132 lbs. had been imposed on Nashua (previous high: 130 lbs.). It was an honest weight, designed to make a contest out of last week's mile-and-three-sixteenths Brooklyn Handicap. But the doughty businessmen who had paid the \$1,250,000 tab to buy Nashua decided that they did not like the weight, refused to enter the great bay colt in the race. The man who decided on the 132-lb. impost: Frank E. ("Jimmy") Kilroe, New York State's racing secretary and handicapper.

Not for a moment had Jimmy Kilroe considered fudging his figures to keep the crowd-pleasing champion in the race. He had pored over his form charts like any careful bettor, studied past performances, and decided that Nashua needed every ounce of 132 lbs. to bring him back to the field. He doled out his weights so carefully that even with the "big horse" gone, the chalk players had a pretty problem.



RUNNER WILLIAMS
After 20 years, the best.

They made Mrs. Jan Burke's Dedicate the favorite, watched him try to steal the race in the early going, falter and come on again in the last 100 yds. to catch Mrs. E. F. Robbins' Midafternoon by a head. When it was over, even the losers had seen their money's worth—a close and true race that had the first three horses within a yard of a triple dead heat.

The Lonely Art. Modest, somber-eyed Jimmy Kilroe, 44, has earned the respect of horsemen and horseplayers the hard



RUNNER MURCHISON
After 24 hours, an equal.

way. A New Yorker born and bred, he learned the lonely art of handicapping under one of the best handicappers of them all, the late John Blanks Campbell.* Beginning at the job of taking race entries and keeping files, Kilroe was soon making up handicap weights of his own, comparing his judgment with Campbell's. And he learned early that his boss insisted on an aide with opinions of his own. When he returned from the wars in 1945, a veteran of the 11th Armored Division, Jimmy Kilroe was named assistant handicapper.

In 1954, when Campbell died, Kilroe became racing secretary as well as handicapper for all New York tracks. Now his job had a new dimension of worry. For the secretary must write the condition book, the catalogue of races. He must keep track of all the horses training at the track, watch those rounding into shape, set up races that will seem attractive to owners and trainers. It is no easy job to organize day after day of races that will give bettors a fair shake. Individual owners, naturally, seldom see eye to eye with a man dedicated to the proposition that no horse should ever have an unfair advantage, that no horseman should ever get a fast shuffle. Only recently, one well-heeled habitué of Belmont's Turf and Field Club was heard to mutter: "I used to think I hated Roosevelt; then I saw the Jamaica condition book."

Old Worries. Handicapping is no job for a man trying to make friends. Whenever horsemen gather and the flasks of truth serum circulate, someone is sure to get exercised about harsh treatment at the hands of the racing secretary.

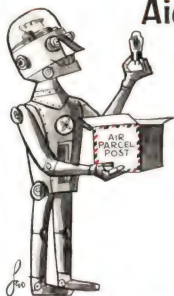
But Jimmy Kilroe's tact and skill are recognized across the country. (For the past three years he has also been racing secretary at California's Santa Anita Park.) And his warm humor is proof against the worries that drove one handicapper to drink. "He used to wake up at night," Kilroe remembers, "to see thoroughbreds racing across the bedclothes. Which wasn't so bad, except that when they wound up in a close race, the poor guy had to get up and have another drink."

Watch on the Ruhr

The good citizens of the Ruhr had not known such an air invasion since Allied bombers darkened their skies. Last fortnight, winged squadrons 30,000 and 40,000 strong beat upward from Austria, circled once and headed for the coal mines. The radio flashed word of their departure. On the roofs of their homes Ruhrmen glanced nervously at their watches and stared toward the south. They waited in fear—not that flyers would arrive, but that they might be too long on the way. For this was the race for the National Prize, the great homing-pigeon derby that is the payoff for one of Germany's most popular sports.

Known all over Germany as "the little

* Who earned his right to handicappers' heaven June 10, 1924, when he weighted Brownie Houser and Wait a Bit into a triple dead heat in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct.



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THE WORLD OVER



THE GREAT PIGEON HUNT TRAILING THE KIDNAPER'S BIRD
For monogamous flyers, one last look at their mates.

Wingspan-Epstein

man's horse racing," pigeon racing is nowhere so popular as it is in the Ruhr. Miners breed and raise their birds with loving attention, bet heavily on the pigeons' speed and natural navigation skills, baffle at the very thought of selling their pets for food. Last month, when a rash crook kidnaped half a dozen prizewinners and sent one of his own homers with a ransom note, the whole valley rose in wrath. Pigeon partisans tagged the go-between pigeon with streamers, trailed it by plane back to its loft, and turned the rustler over to the courts.

In the Ruhr, where pigeon racing has an almost mystical attraction, many of last week's racers were third-generation pigeon breeders. But while bloodlines are important, no pigeon will log a fast flight unless it has some strong urge to get there. Breeders have a special trick to bring their birds back quickly. Playing on the pigeons' monogamous habits, they separate competitors from their mates for a week before the race, give them one long soulful look at their spouses before shipping them off to the starting line.

Released in groups by officials of the breeders' association, each pigeon is fitted out with a numbered leg band. When the pigeon arrives at its loft, its owner slips the band into a metal capsule, which is then placed in an accurate time clock automatically recording the moment of arrival. The capsules are returned to race officials, who calculate elapsed time and determine the winners. The judges are much more leisurely than the pigeons (which have been known to flap home as fast as 60 m.p.h.). Of the 70,000 contestants last week, all but those hopelessly lost have long since checked into their lofts. But winners will not be known until the end of September—when race officials expect to finish checking time capsules.

Scoreboard

¶ Wearing his stern concepts of amateurism like a chip on his shoulder, International Olympic Committee President Avery Brundage promoted a new addition to the Olympic oath: "I am now, and intend to remain, an amateur." He seemed surprised to learn that there might be athletes who could not predict their futures and could not sign in good conscience. As complaints poured in, Brundage tried to backtrack: "There is no desire to interfere with those who intend to pursue a legitimate career in physical education, sport administration, press, radio, etc." Just when aspiring pros became illegitimate, Brundage did not say.

¶ Spinning the ball with a vicious kick off the pock-marked turf of Manchester's Old Trafford cricket pitch, England's Jim Laker had Australian batsmen making the long walk to the wicket as if it were a short walk to the gallows. In the deciding match of the Test series, he skittled out the Aussies (taking nine wickets in the first innings, all ten in the second). The first man ever to take all ten wickets in one innings of Test cricket, the first ever to take 19 in a Test match, Jim Laker had accomplished roughly the equivalent of pitching a no-hit game in the World Series. And almost singlehanded he had kept the Ashes, symbol of international cricket supremacy, in England.

¶ On Utah's glaring, glass-smooth salt flats, Germany's Wilhelm Herz wasted one lap when timing equipment failed, still got the last whisper of speed out of his streamlined NSU motorcycle. His 500 cc. engine churning up to 8,000 r.p.m., Herz whooshed back and forth on the measured mile at an average 210 m.p.h., the first time any cyclist had passed the magic 200-m.p.h. mark.



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RELIGION

Up from the Nightclub Floor

On Oklahoma City's northern edge, in 11 acres of what was once part of a golf course, workmen are busy this week installing an organ in the Church of Tomorrow. That is what Pastor Bill Alexander calls it. Some Oklahomans refer to it as Space Headquarters, and that is all right with Pastor Bill. For his First Christian Church is all but out of this world.

Like a monstrous egg half-buried in the ground, pierced by a twisted steel tower, the church itself arcs 110 ft. above a circular sanctuary in which 2,000 people, transported there by escalator, will sit on body-pampering theater seats around a pulpit that rises or lowers at the push of a button.

A Jewel Box Like a Pimple. The preacher who will press the button happily takes time out to escort visitors around his still-unfinished "Landmark for Christ"—into the cylindrical, louvered educational building with its 20 school-rooms (each with its own washroom), its movie and sound equipment, its \$50,000 kitchen ("The women had their way here"), its 500-capacity dining room looking out over the parking lots (675 cars when completed) and outdoor theater (where Miss Oklahoma was picked last month). Pastor Alexander proudly shows off the deeply carpeted little theater-in-the-round, now used by dramatic and ballet groups. "This is our jewel box," he explains. "But from the outside it just looks like a pimple." The concrete, 150-ft. bell tower near by will house an electronic carillon system "to match any in the world." And day and night its top will flare with a big natural-gas torch that Pastor Alexander calls "The Flame of Religious Freedom." Still in the planning stage: a youth center with swimming pool, gymnasium, tennis courts and dance floor. Some of Bill's parishioners wonder how they ever got along with their old church.

"All you need to do now," said Evangelist Billy Graham to Bill Alexander recently, "is to sink an oil well so you won't have to take up a collection." Said Alexander: "That would be the worst thing that could happen to us. People need to give."

The Same Kind of Guy. The Rev. William Hamilton Alexander seems to know what his people need. In fact, he knows his people so well that in the 14 years he has been pastor of Oklahoma City's First Christian Church he has managed such pastoral unconventionalities as Sunday evening dances in the church recreational hall, an address to the state legislature urging repeal of liquor prohibition, a race for the U.S. Senate against "Mike" Monroney, and a quiet domestic interchange (a campaign aide married the former Mrs. Alexander, and Pastor Bill married the ex-wife of the aide, after making the announcement of his second marriage from the pulpit).

"If I hadn't been in a church like the



A. Y. Owen

BILL ALEXANDER & CHURCH OF TOMORROW
At space headquarters, an escalator to salvation.

Disciples of Christ, in which each congregation is autonomous, I wouldn't have lasted a year," he admits.

William Hamilton Alexander is 41 and powerfully built (6 ft. 3½ in., 230 lbs.), a preacher's son from Shelbyville, Mo., who dropped out of the University of Missouri after a year to be a nightclub master of ceremonies in St. Louis. But at 20 he changed his mind, took over a dilapidated little church in Stroud, Okla., and made up his college work at the same time, graduating *cum laude* from the University of Tulsa in 1936. After two years of graduate work at the University of Chicago and a year as pastor in Los Angeles, he was ready to move in on oil-rich Oklahoma City.

The "personal touch" of a master of ceremonies has shaped Bill Alexander's whole ministry. "When Jesus walked the earth, people didn't line up at long rows to hear him," he said last week. "They gathered around him. So in our church we are bringing the congregation around the preacher. . . . There shouldn't be any chasm between a preacher and the people. I'm no special holy person, I'm the same kind of guy as you are. The only difference is that I've taken as my profession the promotion of Christianity."

Vigor, Vim, Cool Drinks

Christianity as practiced in the U.S. is a bit overwhelming to a clergyman from Britain. This is the impression conveyed last week by two English ministers, in a group of ten exchange visitors traveling

in the U.S. under the auspices of the National Council of Churches and the British Council of Churches. "I am wondering whether the church in America is not frightened by this boom in religion," said Canon Hartley A. Wareham, Vicar of Lanthorpe, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire. "The fantastic interest in church building, church attendance and education is a strange, alarming phenomenon about which we must not be cynical. It is difficult for us people of the United Kingdom not to be cynical about it. . . . Each of us has much to learn and much to contribute. . . . We have things the church in America needs, but it is not for me to say."

Canon Edward Carpenter of Westminster Abbey was more specific. "It seems to me that there is a great deal of vigor, vim and vitality in American life, which expresses itself in devotion to a competitive free economy. The same spirit, I have a suspicion, displays itself, at least in the externals, in the religious sphere, which to an Englishman seems rather odd at times. On the lighter side, for example, I recall reading an advertisement in a newspaper which began, 'Is any church so air-conditioned cool as . . . ?' and members of the congregation were invited to share the delights of an iced fruit drink after the service. The [U.S.] minister seems to feel he is in a competitive world where other loyalties attract, and that he must 'sell' religion. . . . I have been very impressed with the consequent emphasis on 'plant' on technical efficiency, on grading in Sunday-school work. . . . with the wil-

ingness of lay people to accept responsibility in terms of finance and service.

"It seems to me that it would be unwise to write off this revival as lacking significance. At least to an Englishman, something of real importance seems to be happening—though we may not know precisely what."

Girls in Summer Dresses

The raiment in Spain stays mainly on the plain side; the church sees to it that feminine fashions contribute as little as possible to man's proclivity toward sin. But summertime sports like swimming and tennis present special perils, and in last week's *Ecclesia*, official organ of Catholic Action in Spain, Bishop Ramon Masnou of Vich warned priests of his diocese to be watchful. Wrote the bishop: "We wish to call special attention to dresses in female sports . . . Modesty must never be sacrificed in sport, nor should sport become a subterfuge for perverse exhibitionism. Bear this in mind when girls are swimming, skating, etc. The latter sport, called artistic and executed in public, we consider absolutely scandalous, rejectable and forbidden if girls do not wear bloomers reaching below their knees . . . Finally, instruct the faithful that nudism in all its forms is the devilish effort of paganism, that the spirit of the Gospel never will be reconciled to the lying, hypocritical stratagems of the world, the devil and the flesh."

In Rome, the Vatican looked with distaste at another kind of fashion problem: the adaptation of a cardinal's dress, complete with chain, pectoral cross and red biretta, as part of the line of Fontana Sisters, topflight Roman couturières. "The frantic search for novelties," declared an official Vatican spokesman, "has deprived fashion in general, and Italian fashion in particular, of its artistic requirements. This frivolous imitation of a cardinal's attire is simply grotesque."

De-Estrangement?

The leaders of the ecumenical movement—the central committee of the World Council of Churches—met last week for the first time in Communist territory. In Hungary's resort town of Galyatető, 8½ miles northeast of Budapest, the 90 committeemen, plus 300-odd "fraternal delegates," observers and assorted bureaucrats of the 167-church World Council gathered for their annual meeting. Before an assembly including delegates from Communist China, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Poland, the council's Dutch General Secretary W. A. Visser 't Hooft said: "The World Council lives its own life in complete independence from any particular political system or economic system or ideology." To people who believe that the conflict between Communism and Christianity is not merely political, economic or ideological, but a crucial matter of faith, some of the proceedings in Hungary must have sounded puzzling and perhaps alarming.

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that Hungarian Protestants had contributed some \$17,000 in a single Sunday to help finance the gathering, and called on the council "to do everything it could toward obtaining a ban on arms of massive destruction and toward throwing a bridge between different countries." Dr. O. Frederick Nolde of Philadelphia, director of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, told the meeting that "experimental tests of nuclear weapons should be discontinued, limited or controlled." His plea was solidly backed by Sir Kenneth Grubb of London, Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin and Dr. Martin Niemöller, president of Germany's Evangelical Church of Hesse-Nassau. "As early as 1954," said Niemöller, "the Pope pointed to the dangers to mankind in the genetic effects of radiation. The churches want to know what the World Council has to say on this question."

One of the most experienced Protestant collaborators with a Communist regime, Czech Theologian Joseph L. Hromadka of Prague, called upon the World Council "to combat the petrified notions, prejudices, self-isolation and inner estrangement that prevail in both East and West." De-estrangement is already well under way: United Lutheran Franklin Clark Fry of New York announced that the Russian Orthodox Moscow Patriarchate was ready to arrange a conference some time next winter with representatives of the World Council.

Words & Works

¶ Minneapolis' annual "Aquattennial" wound up ten days of parades, stage and water shows (featuring the Aqua Follies, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, a water-ski circus and Rin-Tin-Tin) with Evangelist Billy Graham. In one Sunday-morning session he outpulled them all with an overflow audience of 21,000 and 500 "decisions for Christ." Aquattennial directors, said the show business weekly *Variety*, will try to bring him back next year.

¶ President Eisenhower signed into law a bill authorizing commercial airlines to grant reduced fares to clergymen on a "space available" basis, i.e., without advance reservations.

¶ The Vatican's Sacred Congregation of the Religious has relaxed the rigors of "enclosure" to which contemplative orders of nuns are subject. Contemplatives are now divided into two classes: "major," permitted outside their convents for such reasons as an air raid, requisition of convent property, voting, surgery, or visits to medical specialists; "minor," permitted outside for these reasons, and also to educate the young.

¶ After eight months of collective bargaining, some 105 Jain priests from 21 temples in Ahmedabad, India won most of their demands (*TIME*, Nov. 7). The settlement includes 40 days' annual leave with pay (which may be accumulated up to three years), retirement pay to priests with over ten years of service. Temple authorities agreed to hire substitute priests on their days off, so that "the services of the gods are not interrupted."

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TIME, AUGUST 13, 1956

JOHN COPLEY: Painter by Necessity

MOST painters, inspired at first by the work of others, find their way by imitating what they have seen on canvas. A remarkable exception was John Singleton Copley (1748-1814), who found his way by himself. Copley was inspired by simple necessity, and imitated nature instead of art. The astonishing result: he painted better pictures than any American before him, and possibly since. Even more extraordinary is the fact that he painted better pictures than he had ever seen.

At 14, Copley became head of his family upon the death of his stepfather, a mediocre mezzotint artist and dancing teacher who had barely introduced the boy to art. To help support his mother and half brother, Copley had to translate this hazy acquaintance into professional skill. His response to the challenge was heroic.

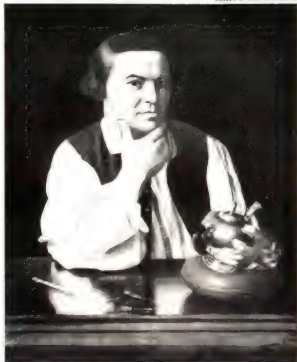
Models, Not Modes

A solemn, plump, tightfisted and deceptively timorous little fellow, Copley at once set up shop as a portrait painter. At first he borrowed poses and tony backgrounds from his stepfather's mezzotints, and tricks of color and modeling from his elders in Boston's portrait-painting fraternity. But he soon found he could go farther by paying scant attention to the modes and strict attention to his models. He thought nothing of spending 100 hours on a portrait, advanced as much by elbow grease as by genius. Early in his career he reached a pedestrian conclusion that lent wings to his art: he decided that his paintings were "almost always good in proportion to the time I give them, provided I have a subject that is picturesque."

As John Adams wrote of Copley's portraits, "You can scarcely help discoursing with them, asking questions and receiving answers." *Paul Revere at His Workbench* (see cut) is a case in point. Copley was in his 20s when he portrayed his friend Revere, the silversmith, and he had already reached the peak. As if to demonstrate his powers, he deliberately invited technical difficulties, multiplying close harmonies of the flesh, pleated linen and polished silver, and tilting the teapot in the hand. Yet the overall effect is sympathetic, not showy. Copley had figured out how to paint what he saw, and what he saw was not merely a subject for his brush but a real human being. Revere glances up with the startled yet stubborn expression of Bob Hope. The patriot appears to be in the grip of some overriding idea—and the observer is tempted to ask about it.

Before he reached 35, Copley was a rich man, with three houses and 20 acres of land on Beacon Hill, and a Tory heiress wife. His humble beginnings and high achievements gave him friends on both sides of the political fence. He made a brave try at mediating between them during the Boston Tea Party, was almost mobbed for his pains. His thoughts turned to the home country he had never seen and the greater glory to be gained there. On the eve of the Revolution, Copley (who hewed to the opinion that political contests are "neither pleasing to an artist or advantageous to the art itself") set sail for England. He left behind a gallery of American portraits destined to live, amaze and inspire as long as paint holds to canvas.

Four years after he went to London, Copley painted his great *Brook Watson and the Shark* (see color). The painting was commissioned by Merchant Watson himself, to commemorate a leg lost in his ship's accident in Havana Harbor. Copley



"PAUL REVERE" ca. 1767

used newly acquired techniques in putting the picture together: instead of painting directly from models, he began with sketches of the single figures and then combined their movements as elaborately as a choreographer.

Pity, Not Mist

The canvas is monumental in composition, dramatic in detail. It speaks—screams—of late, flashing changes. An ordinary man overheard suddenly confronts the jaws of death. No softening atmosphere mists the facts. No historical mythologies or literary connotations blur the issue. For sheer pity and terror, the picture stands alone in its age, when art either eulogized, moralized or titillated.

Copley had invented Romantic horrorpainting, but he never followed up his invention. That remained for Frenchman Théodore Géricault, whose *Roll of the Medusa* (see color) came 20 years later. Critics have made much of what Géricault owed to Michelangelo and Caravaggio, have tended to overlook his connection with Copley. Yet the similarity of composition (a pyramid tilted toward the horizon) and especially of spirit argues for Géricault's having known Copley's picture. Splendid though they are, both Copley's and Géricault's men-against-the-sea-scapes seem as dated today as they once were startling. The swift accurate camera has superseded such labored reconstructions, as photographs of the *Andrea Doria* disaster show.

Brook Watson and the Shark was Copley's only real contribution to European art. Actually the work of his London peers (Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, West) corrupted Copley's homespun realism. To compete in such fast and fashionable company, the old dog learned a pathetic array of new tricks. He kept on painting industriously until his death at 77, but his ice-clear eye gradually veiled, his granite-hand practiced soft flamboyance, his powers slipped away like spirits bored with too much worldliness, sick of success.

COURTESY, ESTATE OF WED. ESTHER FINE, HANNOVER



SELF-PORTRAIT ca. 1774



GERICAULT'S "RAFT OF THE MEDUSA" (1818)

COPLEY'S "BROOK WATSON AND THE SHARK" (1778)





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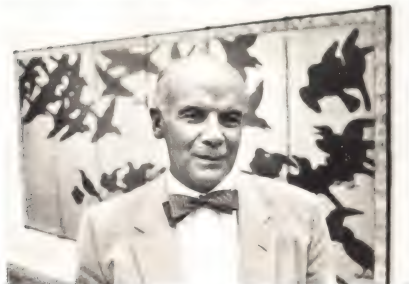


Rare Bird

From prehistoric time onward man has been fascinated by the image of birds. The owl has been interpreted as the symbol of wisdom on the one hand and of evil on the other, the raven as a sign of death and of victory. To the Egyptians the hawk represented the sun god; to early Christians the goldfinch depicted the crucifixion. Seldom has this multiform fascination been better illustrated than in the 160 paintings, bronzes, jugs, vases and primitive musical instruments on show last week at the Seattle Art Museum, a display ranging from a bird-shaped Chinese ritual vessel done around 1100 B.C.

professional recognition, and revitalized Seattle's Northwest Glass Co. (he is now chairman of the board). But art remained his deepest interest, and trips to South America, Europe, and the Middle East broadened his knowledge in the field.

Glass in the Pocket. Dr. Fuller's well-padded pocketbook has allowed him to move fast when he sees a bargain. What makes his position enviable and almost unique among U.S. museum men is that, as unpaid director and one of the principal backers of the museum, he can run his show as he pleases. As an aid to on-the-spot decisions, he always carries in his pocket a 14-power geologist's magnifying glass, noting that "in some ways both art



SEATTLE'S MUSEUM DIRECTOR FULLER
Fast work—his fast wallet.

to the hopping-mad, moonstruck sea gulls and cranes of Northwest Moderns Mark Tobey and Morris Graves.

White Jade in Hong Kong. To most Seattleites, the man behind their "Bird in Art" show is perhaps the rarest bird of all: Millionaire Museum Director Richard E. Fuller, 50, Manhattan-born, Yale-educated cousin of Novelist J. P. Marquand. With his mother, the late Mrs. Margaret Fuller, Art Patron Fuller put up \$300,000 in 1933 to build Seattle's hilltop museum. Fuller has served as president and full-time director ever since. In return, Seattle awarded him its first "Man of the Year" civic-service award in 1951.

Director Fuller came by his money through his father, a pioneering Manhattan urological surgeon with a canny eye for investments. His taste in art he owes to his mother, who began collecting Chinese antiques and Oriental snuff bottles in 1918, later took the whole Fuller family on a year-long junket through the Far East. Recalls Fuller: "I bought a small white jade in Hong Kong, and from then on nothing has been quite the same." Settling in Seattle, Fuller earned a Ph.D. in geology, a field in which he has won

and geology are a matter of trained observation." One peek into the top of some towering packing cases was all Fuller needed to decide on the monumental Chinese stone figures that now stand on the museum's sweeping front lawn. Checking on imports from the Orient (a service the museum performs gratis for some art importers) has also tipped Fuller off to good buys, set him up to get in first bids to dealers. Thanks to Fuller, the museum today owns the only Japanese broken ink scroll by Sesshu (TIME, May 14) outside Japan; its 16th century Japanese water jar (bought by Fuller for \$1,600) is a mate to one of Japan's "national treasures."

Despite his deep interest in the ancient and the Oriental, Seattle's Fuller firmly believes that "it is a museum's duty to support local people and to spur local art of quality." As a result, he has played a key role in promoting the Northwest's regional school, which includes such top artists as Tobey, Graves, Kenneth Callahan and Guy Anderson. One Seattle art dealer summed up Patron-Director Fuller's contribution with feeling: "Dr. Fuller has brought art to the Northwest and the art of the Northwest to the world."

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Prices Up

In Detroit last week a steel salesman quipped to an automan: "When I come back to tell you how much our prices are going up, you'd better be sitting down to take the shock." Snapped the automan: "I just hope you're sitting down when you hear the price of your 1957 car."

Steel was still mum at week's end on when and how steeply prices will jump. But no one doubted that the rise would soon come. As the last of steel's Big Three, Bethlehem Steel Corp., signed a contract with the union, estimates of the eventual rise ran around \$10 a ton.

Steelworkers' wage hikes will cost U.S. Steel just under \$5 a ton in the first of the three years covered by the new contract. Chairman Roger M. Blough estimated last week. To this may be added almost another \$5 per ton for the increased costs of steel's goods and services. Blough predicted that his corporation will be producing at 90% capacity within a fortnight after the strikers return, and that demand for steel will remain strong throughout the year, thus lessening resistance to the price increase. Additional rises were forecast in aluminum, as 15,000 aluminum workers won a three-year package increase, estimated at 46¢ hourly, and many of the rest were striking for equivalent raises.

The expected boost in steel was already setting off a flurry of price rises in other industries. In appliances, General Electric, Westinghouse, Frigidaire and Maytag announced factory price jumps of 1% to 12½%. In Detroit the estimate was that list-price increases for new cars will

range from \$10 to \$40 in the low-price field, up to \$200 to \$300 on some of the luxury models. Tiremakers have already boosted prices 2% to 3½%.

Sears, Roebuck's new catalogue, a sensitive guide, listed increases averaging 1½%. Montgomery Ward's registered 2% increases in some lines. Royal McBee Corp. used the steel price jump as a peg to boost its typewriters 5% to 10%. International Shoe, looking at stiffer labor and leather bills, sent its autumn footwear up 4% to 5%.

The Administration's economists viewed the inflationary pressure with apprehension but not alarm, felt sales competition and high production would cause many of the price increases to be absorbed by the middleman rather than passed on to the consumer.

GOVERNMENT

The Missile Makers

In the name of security, news on the U.S. crash program for producing the intercontinental (5,000 miles) ballistic missile and its smaller brother, the intermediate-range (1,000 miles) missile, has been tightly restricted. But last week the Air Force Association convention in New Orleans heard the most definitive report yet on which companies are developing components for the "ultimate weapon."

Brigadier General Don R. Ostrander, Assistant Deputy Commander of the Air Research and Development Command, disclosed that several companies are working on each of the four major components of the missiles: air frame, propulsion system, nose cone, guidance system. The

project is being technically supervised by Los Angeles' young, hustling Ramo-Woolbridge Corp., headed by two top research scientists, Dr. Dean Woolbridge, 33, and Dr. Simon Ramo, 43, who succeeded from Hughes Aircraft less than three years ago to found their own electronics corporation (TIME, Oct. 5, 1953). They answer directly to the Air Force's Western Development Division, supervise a long list of industrial giants working out the problems of components for ballistic missiles. Among them:

AIR FRAMES: Convair and Glenn L. Martin Co. are developing separate intercontinental frames, each with a different shape and rocket arrangement. An intermediate-range frame is being developed by Douglas Aircraft Co.

PROPULSION SYSTEMS: North American Aviation and General Tire & Rubber Co.'s Aerojet General Corp. are testing rocket engines to propel missiles beyond the earth's heavy stratosphere into the ionosphere. American Machine & Foundry Co. is at work on auxiliary power units for the missiles.

NOSE CONES: Avco Manufacturing Corp., General Electric and Lockheed are working at the metallurgical riddle of saving the warhead from disintegrating from heat when it curves back into the stratosphere, 50 to 80 miles up, at 16,000 m.p.h. All are experimenting with new heat-resistant metals.

GUIDANCE SYSTEMS: Contractors are General Motors' AC Spark Plug Division, American Bosch Arma Corp., General Electric Co., Burroughs Corp., Remington Rand Univac Division and Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Although Airman Ostrander did not disclose the size of individual contracts, a solid estimate is that the Government has invested \$5 billion in missiles, will spend \$1.2 billion this year alone. As for progress to date, Ostrander disclosed that Lockheed has already test-flown a nose cone through and possibly beyond the ionosphere, a layer of thin air 50 to 250 miles above the earth. This indicates that the U.S. has met some success on probably the most difficult of all missile problems: re-entry into the stratosphere. Said Ostrander: "No major breakthroughs are necessary to build and launch a long-range missile."

RETAIL TRADE

The Negro Market

"Economic equality is always a prelude to total equality."

This week Professor Henry Allen Bullock, 50, a trained sociologist (Ph.D., University of Michigan, '42) and director of graduate research at Houston's all-Negro Texas Southern University (enrollment: 3,000), told, in an 18-month study of his fellow Negroes' earning power and buying habits, how close the Southern city Negro



ICBM BOSSES RAMO & WOOLDRIDGE
A nose through the ionosphere.

J. R. Eyerman—Left

TIME CLOCK

has moved toward economic equality with whites. While his 100-page report is confined to the South's largest city, Houston (pop. 725,000), it is a good indication of the Negro's material advances throughout the Southland.

More Money. Bullock's report is based on a poll of 1,028 households, out of Houston's burgeoning Negro population of 156,000, and of 127 stores patronized by Negroes. He calculates that Houston Negroes spend \$168 million a year; they constitute 21.2% of the city population, account for 15% of its purchases. Furthermore, he figures that this spending power is backed by a property investment of \$45 million.

Bullock reckons that the median income of the Negro household in Houston has risen from \$2,900 in 1940 to \$4,016 today. One reason for the relatively high income is that Negro families frequently have more than one wage earner: one family in three has a second paycheck.

More Work. The survey found that Negro unemployment in Houston has dropped from 11% in 1940 to "less than 3% of those who want to work now." Moreover, there has been a migration from the low-paying countryside to the city in response to expanding employment opportunities. From 1900 to 1950, while the Negro population of Texas went up 58%, the number of city Negroes quadrupled in the state. They are also getting better jobs. In 1940, only 2.9% of Houston's Negroes were in the professions; today the figure is 5.2%, of which almost half are teachers. Another factor in the latter paycheck has been the lessening of barriers to better jobs. Bullock checked 736 Texas manufacturing firms, found eight of them now employ Negro chemists, nine have Negro engineers.

Houston's prospering Negroes spend more for housing (mostly rent) than whites, less for clothing and autos. Still, 53.0% of the Negro households in the poll owned autos. (Their preference, in order: Chevrolet, Buick, Ford, Cadillac.) Negro personal savings, proportionately, are double the savings of Houston families in general.

More Potential. Houston's Negro is a prolific buyer of appliances; for each dollar spent on home furnishings, 54¢ goes for washing machines, stoves, refrigerators, air conditioners, etc. Seventeen of 20 households plan to buy more appliances or furniture this year. Among Houston Negroes, 40.6% families own vacuum cleaners, 85.6% refrigerators, 37.6% TV sets.

Houston's Negroes still shy from some specialty products, not from lack of money, but because they have never felt the need for them, e.g., only 15.6% buy baby food. Concludes Pollster Bullock: "Because of its youth, its bettering education, its increasing life span (up to 63 for U.S. Negro males in 1950), the total Negro market has barely been tapped."

FIRST BIG U.S. REACTOR to manufacture more nuclear fuel than it consumes will be built near Monroe, Mich. by Detroit's Power Reactor Development Corp., a group of 26 industrial firms and private utilities. Power generated by the \$40.5 million, 100,000-kw., "fast neutron breeder plant" will be distributed by Detroit Edison Co. AEC, which has made only small-scale fast breeders, stipulated that the company must show its plant is safe before getting operating permit.

U.S. SYNTHETIC-RUBBER production by 1958 will almost equal the world's total natural-rubber output. Since private producers bought the bulk of the \$700 million industry from the government in April 1955, they have pushed expansion plans that will increase capacity almost 40% to 1,718,200 tons, v. the relatively stable total of 1,800,000 tons from rubber trees.

RESCUE PACT between Studebaker-Packard Corp. and Curtiss-Wright Corp. reached secretly last month (Time, July 30), was finally made official. In addition to the expected provisions, e.g., the aviation company will run Studebaker-Packard under terms of a management contract, Curtiss-Wright revealed that it is negotiating a contract with West Germany's Daimler-Benz that will give Studebaker-Packard access to new German engineering developments and may ultimately result in the U.S. auto firm's distributing Daimler-Benz cars and trucks.

NEW TRANSATLANTIC AIR service is planned by Greek Shipowner Aristotile Socrates Onassis, who will pay an estimated \$2,500,000 for a 20-year concession to run Greece's ailing airline, T.A.E. (Time, Aug. 6). Onassis' deal with the Greek government stipulates that T.A.E. start serving South Africa and the Far East by 1958, fly to New York by 1959. Onassis will spend some \$10 million for expansion,

is trying to buy three DC-7B and two Convair 440 airliners in the U.S.

FARM-TRACTOR SALES this year will trail 1955 volume by at least 20%, the industry believes. Falling sales, because of drought and lagging farm income, will force International Harvester Co. to halt production at two plants for at least five weeks, starting Oct. 1. Farm-equipment slump has also prompted merger talks between Chicago's J. I. Case Co., which has shut down two plants, and money-losing Oliver Corp.

SIR BERNARD DOCKER failed to persuade biggest rally of stockholders in postwar British history to veto his dismissal as \$66,000 chairman of Britain's \$70 million Birmingham Small Arms Co. (Daimler cars, rifles, motorcycles, etc.). By a vote of 2,687,749 to 683,212, stockholders supported B.S.A. directors, who had fired Sir Bernard (Time, June 11) for mismanagement and extravagance, e.g., gold-plated Daimlers, \$31,000-a-year expense account.

LOBSTER SHORTAGE has sent wholesale prices soaring to \$1.25 a pound in New York City, 95¢ in Portland, Me., v. ten-year average of 50¢. Reason: cold spring delayed until recently the lobsters' shell-shedding period, when lobsters are hard to catch, poor eating when caught.

PACKAGING MERGER between Continental Can Co., second biggest U.S. maker of metal containers (after American Can Co.), and Wheeling, W. Va.'s Hazel-Atlas Glass Co. is under fire from Justice Department, which considers firms competitors. Trustbusters say proposed merger with Hazel-Atlas, second biggest U.S. producer of glass containers, would make Continental Can only manufacturer making containers of all major materials, thus "destroy competition."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Orphan's Answer

As Finance Minister in Japan's third postwar Cabinet, pudgy, iron-willed Tanaka Ishibashi feuded frequently with General Douglas MacArthur and was purged from office in 1947. Last week, as the strong-minded Minister of International Trade and Industry in the indecisive administration of Ichiro Hatoyama, Ishibashi once again crossed swords with the U.S. In the *Oriental Economist*, a magazine he has owned since 1939, Ishibashi made the first official announcement that Japan will press for increased "economic and cultural exchanges" with Red China.

Hard hit by the rising prices of raw materials and production costs, Japan is fighting a losing battle to close its chronic

\$42 million monthly gap in trade with the dollar area. Japan's total exports last year amounted to only 57% of the 1934-36 average, while imports rose to 80%, according to the government's Economic Planning Board. Japanese businessmen call themselves the "orphans of Asia"; they have spent ten years trying to cultivate new markets and dependable sources of raw materials in South and Central America, Southeast Asia and the Middle East. But, argued Ishibashi, "the result has not been satisfactory enough to induce the Japanese to give up Communist China." Said he: "Segregation of the China market has been the major factor contributing to the changes in Japan's trade pattern from prewar."

The Japanese are aware that any hasty expansion of trade with Red China would

RAILROAD FARES

Do the Passengers Pay Their Way?

TO most U.S. railroads the passenger business is a money-losing headache. To the passengers, most railroads are mossback operators who neglect service while engaging in a never-ending round of raising fares, chopping schedules and eliminating branch lines. Last week another big fare boost loomed for the embattled passengers. The Pennsylvania and the New York Central, which together move 27% of all U.S. passengers, are trying to get the rest of the nation's passenger lines to join them in asking for a first-class-fare hike of 33½ to 50%. To many experts it looked as if the Pennsylvania and Central were deliberately trying to price themselves out of the first-class market and drive first-class passengers to the coaches or to competing airlines.

The Pennsylvania vigorously denied the charge, but last week, amidst the swelling uproar, the Interstate Commerce Commission announced a full-scale investigation of the whole passenger problem. Save for the World War II years, the railroads say that they have been losing money steadily on passengers during the past quarter century. By official ICC computation the passenger loss for Class I railroads (those grossing more than \$1,000,000 annually) reached a staggering \$642 million in 1952, rose to \$705 million in 1953, dropped slightly to \$670 million in 1954 and \$636 million in 1955. The ICC arrived at these figures by means of a 42-year-old formula that arbitrarily assigns to passenger travel a fixed proportion of the total costs of running the railroad.

Even ICC members and railroads agree that both formula and figures are far out of line. Fortnight ago Northwestern University's Transportation Professor Stanley Berge published a study that flatly calls the passenger loss "a phantom deficit." According to Berge, the deficit "for the most part consists of costs which could not be avoided" even if the rails carried no passengers at all. The rails' \$153,000-a-mile capital investments in bridges, yards, rails, for example, is needed for the freight traffic that accounts for 87% of the roads' revenue. Eliminating passenger traffic would therefore cut fixed costs by very little, but would cut out a margin of pure profit.

As a more realistic formula for measuring passenger-traffic profit and loss, Berge suggests using actual out-of-pocket costs, i.e., subtracting from total passenger revenues only those costs directly connected with main-

taining passenger traffic. On this basis the ICC's \$4.8 billion passenger deficit between 1947 and 1954 would turn into a \$486 million profit. Taking the most recent years, during which passenger revenues dropped, Berge found only a \$1,000,000 loss in 1953 v. a \$705 million ICC deficit, a \$38 million loss in 1954 v. a claimed \$670 million deficit.

But while passenger deficits may have been wildly exaggerated, there is no doubt that the rails have been hard hit by autos and buses for short-haul passengers, by airlines for the long haul. Between 1947 and 1955 railroads lost 32% of their passenger mileage, while the scheduled airlines gained 217%. In freight hauling, the rails' proportion of the total fell from 61% in 1937 to 49% in 1954.

The rails have tried economizing. Between 1949 and 1954 they slashed passenger-train runs from 15,000 to 12,000 daily and cut the road mileage over which they run passenger trains by 20%. They have also been fighting back with family plans, excursion fares and a whopping \$750 million for new passenger equipment.

Not all the new ideas have worked. Some roads report the family plans have simply added to deficits. But some innovations have caught on; e.g., Western Pacific reports that its Vista-dome cars are filled to capacity, with waiting lists for space. In many cases, however, unnecessary, profit-draining restrictions such as union featherbedding make it impossible to cash in on technical improvements.

One big trouble is with the railroads themselves. Says Jervis Langdon-Jr., chairman of the Association of Southeastern Railroads: "We've just sat back on our duffs and let the problem creep up on us."

To solve the problem, Professor Berge suggests that the roads replace long, slow-moving, infrequent trains with shorter, faster, low-fare, self-propelled cars, concentrate them on intermediate-distance runs that cannot be served properly either by auto or airline. As an example, he cites a Baltimore & Ohio three-car, self-propelled train which sped from Washington to Chicago over the 1955 Memorial Day weekend faster than its crack *Capital Limited*, at less than half the regular fare, yet yielded a 60% profit over operating costs. But most of all, the railroads need to get down to the facts of the rail-passenger problem, rather than continue to talk of mythical deficits so staggering that they paralyze initiative.

threaten economic relations with the U.S.; China last year spent only \$28.5 million for Japanese goods, while the U.S. imported \$450 million worth. Japan's answer, argues wily Ishibashi, is to win "alleviation or removal" of the free world's restrictions on strategic trade with Red China so that Japan can close its trade gap by selling the Communists ships, railroad equipment, generators, steel products, cranes and bulldozers.

FASHION

The Undressed Look

Writing in the highbrow French review *Arts* last week, Poet Jean Cocteau diagnosed the midsummer madness that gripped Paris: "A lightning-quick epidemic which forces different and antagonistic persons all to obey the same mysterious order, to submit themselves to new habits which overturn their old ways of life, up to the moment when a new order arrives and obliges them to turn their coat once more."

As every woman knows, Frankster Cocteau was defining fashion, not the Suez crisis. Last week, along the Right Bank from the Place Vendôme to the little streets south of the Arc de Triomphe, fashion's fever reached its infectious peak in the high-fashion capital of the world. To see the couturiers' fall collections, 800 buyers from big stores all over the world had come to place their orders (from 20 to 60 dresses each at prices ranging from \$700 to \$3,000). Manufacturers from Manhattan's Seventh Avenue were there to buy dresses for reproduction (up to \$1,800 for an evening gown); copyists spied out the buttons, bows and fur-bows that will sprout on readymade clothes from Brisbane to Bonn this winter.

Dresses for Men. The chitchat on the boulevards was of Balmain's lavish, fur-trimmed evening cloaks, of Balenciaga's cocoon-like capes and Givenchy's balloon-like cocktail dresses. But wherever goss and gosses were discussed by experts, Christian Dior's name led all the rest. Mindful of the dismal failure of 1954's sad-sack flat look, Dior had turned out a collection of slinky new gowns that puff up the bosom, pinch down the rump, swoop low around the neckline. Exulted the New York *Herald Tribune's* Eugenia Sheppard: "Dior has designed a collection for the men this time. The kept lady look. The undressed look!"

By far the biggest (1,200 employees) and most prosperous of Paris' 820-member couturiers' protective association, Designer Dior, 62, is a shy, balding Norman with a birdlike face and trencherman's paunch. Son of a wealthy chemical manufacturer, he started out to be a diplomat, instead opened a picture gallery, where he helped launch the career of Salvador Dali. Switching to fashion during the Depression, Dior first made his mark as a hat designer. After World War II service as an enlisted man, he was one of Lucien Lelong's top designers when Textile Tycoon Marcel Boussac decided to back a new fashion house. Boussac put

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DESIGNER DIOR AT PARIS SHOWING
With a puff at the bosom, a pinch in the derriere.

Dior to work in a mansion at 30 Avenue Montaigne. There, as *L'Express* Fashion Editor Françoise Giroud once remarked, diffident Christian Dior was "unknown on the 12th of February, 1947, famous on the 13th." The overnight event that made Dior: the New Look.

Guerrilla Warfare. Though Dior made headlines by dropping hemlines, he has made his fortune with the help of clever merchandising and Boussett backing. He branched into perfume, sports clothes, stockings, opened New York and Venezuelan branches to make high-priced ready-to-wear dresses (Dior's 1955 gross: \$18 million). Today there are eight wholly owned Christian Dior companies and 16 firms that make Dior products under franchise.

By contrast, all but a designer's dozen fashion houses are engaged in a constant struggle for survival. Fortnight ago, Paquin-Worth, successor to the first Parisian couturier who made dresses for the trade instead of merely turning out clothes to order, folded after 106 years in business. France's elaborate social-security regulations make it impossible for the couturiers to cut the cost of elaborate hand labor. Moreover, they are constantly engaged in guerrilla warfare with the copyists who can market cheap versions of their gowns within weeks after the fall showings. Dior alone files about 40 international lawsuits a year; Givenchy and Balenciaga this year took the unprecedented step of barring the press from their salons.

Pricelless Ingredient. Despite the purse-popping prices and cutthroat competition, Paris fashion houses sell about \$15 million worth of clothes a year, still rely for at least 50% of their income on the wealthy women who can afford made-to-measure originals. Increasingly, however, the top designers depend for their bread and butter on manufacturers who buy their dresses for mass production.

Buyers flock faithfully to Paris, though the fashion houses seemingly make no effort to lure them there. no longer even throw the lavish champagne parties for which the late Jacques Fath was famed. For though Paris no longer has a monopoly on fashion, it has one priceless ingredient no other style center can duplicate: the everlasting appeal of Paris itself.

But even if Dior shifted his headquarters to Paris, Texas (pop. 24,000), say most buyers, they would still have to make the annual pilgrimage to see his new designs. As one fashion expert said last week: "He's Atlas, holding up the entire French fashion industry."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Twin Tire. General Tire & Rubber Co. will put on sale a standard-size tubeless tire with two sets of treads, separated by a center groove. Each tread has separate contact with the road, thus providing better traction and reducing wear.

Pint-Size Engine. American Motors has developed a 4-cylinder air-cooled engine weighing only 100 lbs. v. Nash Rambler's 450-lb. engine. Made largely of aluminum, the 62-h.p. motor occupies half the space of a conventional water-cooled auto engine. It will also be available next year in bigger units (6 and 8 cylinders) for use in autos, air-transported military vehicles, and stationary equipment, e.g., pumps, generators.

Right Time. Most 1957 auto models will have a new kind of clock, developed by General Time Corp., containing a device which automatically adjusts the clock to run on time. If the hands are set forward to correct a clock that has been running slow, the regulator makes the clock run at a faster rate. When hands are set back, the clock automatically adjusts to a slower rate.

TV Banking. At the Mechanics and Farmers Savings Bank, Bridgeport, Conn., Mosler Safe Co. has installed a closed television circuit and loudspeaker system connecting an indoor teller's cage with a curbside depositor's booth. Deposits and receipts are sped through a 100-ft. pneumatic tube. Mosler plans eventually to install remote-control bank booths at subway and rail stations, main intersections.

AVIATION

The Bumbling Boffins

Britain's aviation industry last week was taking one of its heaviest shellackings since the Battle of Britain. The walloping came from a wartime R.A.F. squadron leader named William A. Waterton, who later became a Paris-London speed-record holder (1947) and chief test pilot of Gloster Aircraft for seven postwar years. In the past two years, as aviation correspondent for London's *Daily Express*, Waterton has seldom concealed his conviction that British planemakers have allowed their aircraft to lag farther behind U.S. and Russian planes.

In a new book *The Quick and the Dead*, a hard-hitting indictment of the whole industry. Bill Waterton charged that British aircraft firms, "emasculated by safe government contracts," lack competitive drive. Fearful that the industry will be nationalized, they are less concerned with turning out fast airplanes than with turning a quick profit. As a result, the industry is shackled by incompetent, underpaid employees, overlapping programs and antiquated factories that look like "back-alley garages" beside U.S. aircraft plants. Said Pilot Waterton: "We have tried to muddle



AUTHOR WATERTON
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Ruth E. Cornican,
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through by guess and by God. Britain [is] almost an also-ran in the aircraft stakes."

Cover-Up v. Correction. The British have spent huge sums on aircraft, e.g., the Bristol Brahazon, that were abandoned before they ever went into operation (TIME, Dec. 19). And many combat planes, such as the Supermarine Swift fighter (cost: some \$60 million), were delivered months or years late, then proved so inadequate that they had to be withdrawn from service. The British, charged Waterton, are "trailing behind America and Russia," which have both produced supersonic fighters in quantity and have bombers in service "twice as big as our largest." Through lethargy and bad planning, Britain's planemakers have missed the rich civilian market for helicopters, light business aircraft and long-range jet airliners. Even if the British wished to introduce U.S. designs, "we haven't the means of transferring them to the production belt. We are building planes almost identically in the way we did 15 or 20 years ago."

The main trouble, says Airman Waterton, is that "few British firms understand development work." British aircraft companies seldom produce enough prototypes of a new plane, thus face delays if a prototype is cracked up. Instead of trying to correct the deficiencies that show up in the prototypes, British aircraft "boffins," i.e., chairborne scientists, try to cover up to save costly redesigning. Despite the industry's often brilliant performance at Britain's annual Farnborough air show, Waterton points out that the show is "a lot of sham." The aircraft entered are often prototypes, years from the production line and often perilously understated. Says he: "It is a miracle that there are not mass disasters at Farnborough every year."

"Fifty Percent Planes." As a case history of boffin botchery, Waterton cites the Gloster Javelin, a delta-wing, all-weather fighter on which he did all the initial testing (starting in 1951). The first four Javelin prototypes had serious engineering and stability problems, reports Waterton. Yet, despite a crash in which he almost lost his life, he said that his criticisms of the plane were generally ignored until Gloster's No. 2 test pilot was killed in a Javelin crash. (The Javelin recently went into limited R.A.F. service, is still restricted below maximum performance.)

Thus, says Waterton, "the users get 50% airplanes instead of 90% airplanes. We could learn here from the Americans. They ran into serious trouble with their F-100 Super-Sabre. Yet within three months the Sabre was given a redesigned tail, controls and wingtips, and was out of its troubles. Britain has demonstrated nothing to compare with these methods. Witness the Comet: a brilliant conception let down by aerodynamics, engineering and handling."

Gloster replied to Pilot Waterton's blast last week with the countercharge that he had not quit but was fired for his "disinclination to continue the necessary research flight-testing of the Javelin," dismissed his book as a mishmash of "harrow-

ing self-dramatization, sensational slanders, half-truths, recriminations and flouted betrayals." But Waterton refused to back down. Said he: "I say, appoint an impartial commission to go into the whole matter and look at the records."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Edward George Fox, 55, for four years the hard-coal industry's chief negotiator with the United Mine Workers, was named head of the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association, soft coal's biggest spokesman. He succeeds Harry Morgan Moses, who died last April 1 after helping give soft coal five years of labor peace through man-to-man bargaining with his lifelong friend, John L. Lewis. A Pennsylvania banker's son, big (6 ft. 106 lbs.) Ed



COAL BARGAINER FOX
Into the ring with Lewis.

Fox went into the mines during high-school vacations, studied mining engineering at Penn State ('24). After graduation, he went back to the pits, by 1936 worked up from assistant foreman to general manager of Madeira Hill & Co., later became president of Phoenix Contracting Co. Since 1951 the president of Philadelphia's Reading Anthracite Co., he will remain on Reading's board after joining the operators' association in Washington Sept. 1. Fox feels bullish about the future of the soft-coal market, predicts an upswing in exports and domestic industrial demand.

J. J. (for John) Stafford Ellithorp Jr., 61, former president of Beech-Nut Packing Co., was elected to the same post in the recently consolidated Beech-Nut Life Savers, Inc. (TIME, June 18). Ellithorp broke in as a chemist with the company 39 years ago, shortly after taking his B.S. at Syracuse University ('16). Still very much the chief executive of the combined companies: Life Saver Pioneer Edward John Noble, 74, board chairman.

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Christine Margrethe of Hesse, 23, beautiful niece of Britain's Duke of Edinburgh; and Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, 27, brother of former King Peter II of Yugoslavia; in Kronberg, Germany.

Died. Thomas D. Bourdillon, 31, British physicist and rocket expert who in 1953, with Dr. Charles Evans, climbed to within 300 feet of Mt. Everest's peak before being turned back by bad weather and lack of oxygen, three days before Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norkey made it to the top; in a fall while climbing Ausserberg in southern Switzerland.

Died. John Augustin McNulty, 60, old-time newsman, bar correspondent and gentle troubadour of cabbies, rummies and \$2 bettors in Manhattan (*Third Avenue, New York*) and other places where elbows are bent (*A Man Gets Around*), veteran sketch writer for *The New Yorker*; of a heart attack; in Wakefield, R.I.

Died. Dr. John Adam Fleming, 79, top-level geophysicist, director (1935-46) of the department of terrestrial magnetism at the Carnegie Institution, Washington, D.C., supervisor of the institution's world magnetic survey, authority on sunspots and radio disturbance; in San Mateo, Calif.

Died. Dr. Maude Royden Shaw, 79, first woman preacher in London (because Anglican precedent did not allow women clerics, she became an assistant minister at the nonconformist City Temple in 1917), Oxford-educated suffragette, one-time pacifist (she renounced pacifism as "negative" at the outbreak of World War II) who shocked American bluesies by smoking cigarettes on a preaching tour in 1928, married (1944) the Rev. George W. H. Shaw after a 43-year, triangular love affair described in her book, *A Threefold Cord*; in London.

Died. The Most Rev. John Francis Noll, 81, Roman Catholic archbishop of Fort Wayne, Ind., founder (1912) of the weekly *Our Sunday Visitor* (circ. 762,353), one of the founders of Hollywood's Legion of Decency; in Fort Wayne.

Died. Albert Woolson, 109, last surviving Union veteran of the Civil War,* who at 17 enlisted (October 1864) as a drummer in the 1st Minnesota Heavy Artillery Regiment, traveled with Union occupation forces through Tennessee but saw no action; of lung congestion; in Duluth. Chipper, cigar-smoking Woolson was senior vice commander of the once influential (peak membership in 1890: 408,489) Grand Army of the Republic, which held its last encampment in 1949.

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* Three Confederate veterans remain: Walter W. Williams, 113; John Salling, 110; William A. Lundy, 108.



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Full speed ahead on new equipment. With 222 more diesels on order this year, C&O's fleet of locomotives will become completely dieselized. Over 90% of its 88,000 freight cars are new or rebuilt and 13,000 new cars are on order.

Full speed ahead for freight. New, more efficient classification yards, terminals and signal

systems make up a track improvement program costing \$20 million, assuring faster, dependable schedules for freight shipments. On Lake Michigan, C&O's fleet of seven train-ferries has been completely modernized. At the other end of the railroad, a new \$8 million bulk cargo pier is nearing completion at C&O's Atlantic port of Newport News.

Full speed ahead for coal. As the world's largest carrier of bituminous coal, Chesapeake and Ohio keeps pace with the growing coal industry. Sixteen million tons of quality coals will be loaded into Great Lakes vessels at C&O's Toledo docks this year and more than 17 million tons will be hauled to Newport News for ocean movement. C&O loads almost half of the coal America exports overseas. A \$3 million addition will increase the loading capacity of C&O's coal docks at Newport News by 20%.

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Typical of the new plant tracks is this 3-mile C&O spur to serve Ford's huge new Lincoln plant at Novi, Mich.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS
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THE PRESS

Caption of the Week

In New York's *Daily Mirror*, under a cut showing Princess Grace and Prince Rainier celebrating the announcement of an expected heir:

MONACO WEATHER FORECAST:
A LITTLE RAINIER IN FEBRUARY

Crusade in Philadelphia

Philadelphia's tabloid *Daily News*, once a shiftless tatterdemalion, has been gunning hard for circulation since Democratic Backer Matthew H. McCloskey Jr. took it over two years ago, infused it with money and ambition. Its chief rival: Publisher Walter Annenberg's *Inquirer*. Last week, in the climax of a month-long barrage, the *News*'s guns pounded not only at the *Inquirer*'s circulation, but at alleged payroll padding and loan-shark operations within the paper itself.

The latest *News* campaign began when *Inquirer* Truck Driver Henry J. Turner, 34, was beaten to death one night on the *Inquirer*'s parking lot. Turner's own paper headlined the news of the killing briefly, then dropped it. The *News* fastened to the story like a limpet. It charged that Turner's death resulted from his fight against loan-sharks, "believed to be minor executives" of the *Inquirer* who were latching on circulation employees. Moreover, trumpeted the *News*, Philadelphia police have said, off the record, that they know who Turner's murderer is. The tabloid clamored for action.

Last week, while the *Inquirer* kept mum, the *News* front-paged an announcement that it was donating \$500 to start a fund for the family of the murdered truck driver. In the same issue the *News* ran an interview with District Attorney Victor Blanc. The district attorney charged that the motive in Turner's murder "involves payroll padding and padding of overtime pay on the *Inquirer*." Added Blanc: "The loan shark was a side issue, but we will go through that also. I hope we will be able to make an arrest before too many days—an arrest for an atrocious murder."

Cut & Spite

North Carolina's *Wilmington Morning Star* (circ. 17,866) went to press with a front-page picture of four Marine witnesses in the court-martial of Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). As soon as the paper hit his desk, the editor on duty gulped and stopped the presses. He had failed to notice, in the shadowy impression on the Associated Press mat that supplied the picture, that one of the marines, Private Eugene W. Ervin of Bridgeport, Conn., was a Negro. The deskman met the crisis by ordering a pressman to take hammer and chisel to the press plate. Next morning Private Ervin's ragged ghost haunted the spot (see cut) where the *Morning Star* cut out the Negro and spited its front page.

Bobby-Soxers' Gallup

What is the younger generation coming to? Last week a pollster's promise to answer the question out of the mouths of the youngsters themselves produced the country's hottest new syndicated feature. Before its first appearance, Pollster Eugene Gilbert's "What Young People Think," distributed by A.P. Newsfeatures, lined up 271 U.S. and Canadian newspaper outlets with 17 million circulation. In several cities editors vied for the weekly column. The *Washington Star* snapped it up without even seeing a sample, and the *New York Journal-American* splashed a red bannerline atop its masthead last week to herald publication of Gilbert's first column.

Ever since he was in his teens himself, 30-year-old Pollster Gilbert has been a specialist on the U.S. teen-ager. At 19, a year out of high school in Chicago, he launched the Gilbert Youth Research Organization to sample teen-agers' tastes and buying habits for businessmen. He has run 1,000 surveys for clients ranging from candy-bar manufacturers to the U.S. Army Recruiting Service, whose "Retire at 37" slogan stemmed from Gilbert's finding that modern youth prizes security over adventure. He uses 5,000 interviewers—all teen-agers themselves—in 420 U.S. cities and towns.

With his market-research business going at a brisk clip, Gilbert decided to step up to a Gallup, canvassing the blue-jeans set for their views on politics, manners, smoking, necking, military service, family quarrels, juvenile delinquency. In his newspaper debut, Gilbert reported on a political survey: "If today's teen-agers could vote next November, they would favor Eisenhower over Stevenson by more than 2 to 1." Forthcoming findings:

Q Allowances and earnings give the teenage boy an average weekly income of \$3.96, compared to only \$2.41 a dozen years ago. In some cases, the youngsters



McKEON TRIAL WITNESSES
Out of the clote.



POLLSTER EUGENE GILBERT
In with the pitch.

have more uncommitted pocket money than their parents.

¶ Small-town youngsters do more dating at an earlier age (beginning at 14 for girls) than their big-city cousins. They are also quicker to "go steady."

¶ Teen-agers laugh at parents' fears that rock 'n' roll is a menace to morals. They regard it merely as a "revved-up version of the Charleston or Lindy hop."

What impresses editors more than such findings is Gilbert's pitch, backed by statistics, that "your future circulation depends on this youth market." Gilbert and his newspapers assume that young people are just as curious as their eternally puzzled elders to get the answers on problems of the young.

Newcomer in Middletown

Starting a daily paper in the U.S.—even a small one—is a job for a millionaire because of high initial investment, high operating costs. But Millionaire Jacob M. Kaplan thought that he could find a cheaper way. Last week Jack Kaplan, president of Welch Grape Juice Co., launched an experimental tabloid that may well blaze a trail for men who want to start small-town newspapers on comparatively small capital. He began publishing his paper in Middletown, N.Y. (pop. 22,686), pitting it against the well-established, conventional *Times-Herald*, which is owned by another newspaper experimenter, Donald Ingersoll, founder and publisher of Manhattan's late pinko daily, *P.M. Proprietor* Ingersoll's *Times-Herald*, which has none of the journalistic or political extremism of his old *P.M.*, welcomed its new rival with a hospitable editorial.

Justified Lines. Crisply attractive, the new 5¢, 32-page Middletown *Daily Record* looked different—and it is. The paper is the first sizable venture in daily publishing by a "cold type" photo-offset process instead of conventional letter-press

printing. The process uses no hot metal no Linotype machines, no matrices or engraved plates. Copy is typed on special typewriters that print "justified" lines, i.e., they fill out each line flush to the right-hand margin. Then it is pasted on a sheet, photographed and printed on an aluminum plate, much as a photographic negative is printed. Mounted on a press, the plate transfers the image to a hard rubber roller, then onto the newsprint.

To start publishing, the *Record* spent less than \$250,000 (including \$140,000 for actual equipment) against an estimated \$600,000, at least, for a paper using a conventional plant. (However, when circulation goes beyond 20,000 the cost of additional electronic apparatus for the new process begins making the old printing method more economical.)

Free Copies. Long fancying a fling in journalism, Millionaire Kaplan first decided on the process, then sent aides scouting systematically through Connecticut and New York State to find the ideal town for the newspaper. To launch his publishing career, Kaplan set up a non-profit company, brought in David Bernstein, 41, onetime newsman (*Ithaca Journal-News*) and public-relations specialist, who organized the Office of Public Information of the Philippines in 1945. Bernstein gathered a ten-man editorial staff (average age: 35), put in a U.P. news wire, nine comic strips, twelve syndicated columns. "The paper," he says, "is strictly independent. Mr. Kaplan wants and has absolutely no editorial control."

The *Record* was off to a promising start with advertising (limited to 50% of the paper), plentiful in the first week. It was printing 16,000 copies and giving them away free for a fortnight, expecting paid circulation to jell later at 12,000. After the paper is running smoothly, Publisher Bernstein will go back to Manhattan "to work on other enterprises" for Kaplan, probably a string of similar small-town dailies using the new process.

Fit to Print

Manhattan's hard-bitten police reporters classically resent invasions on their beat, whether by some general-assignment upstart from the city staff or by a gadget called TV. Last week the newsmen at headquarters glared hard at TV's intruding eye and stared it right down.

In setting up a special telecast featuring Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy, an NBC producer offered two of the headquarters reporters \$25 each to appear with the commissioner and question him. Then they learned that Kennedy's talk would include New York's semiannual crime statistics—a surefire front-page story.

Not only did the two reporters reject the offer, but their ten headquarters colleagues backed them up in their demand that, since they cover headquarters 24 hours a day, they are entitled to get police news first. Kennedy went through with his telecast, but waited until he was off the air to give newsmen the figures that made headlines the next morning (JUVENILE CRIME UP 41.3%).

How the Field-hand Got "Skun"

by
J. P. Van Winkle

President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



After a spending spree in Cincinnati, a field hand returned to our Kentucky town, sporting a diamond ring the size of a "banty" egg.

Asked if the diamond was shoduff real, he replied — "Effen it ain't, I been skun outa \$2.49!"

In bourbon as in diamonds, there's a sight of difference between imitation and the real thing. Many's the bottle of "bargain bourbon" that has skun the man who bought it.

Cheap on the shelf almost always means cheap in the bottle—a tell-tale confession that somewhere in the distilling process a money-saving short-cut has made the "bargain" possible.

Our modest family distillery has never paid much mind to price tags. For more than a hundred years our OLD FITZGERALD has been made in one genuine, old-fashioned our mash manner—one of the most expensive known to man.

Consider our costly open-tub process where we willingly sacrifice one quart of whiskey to each bushel of grain we mash. Our fermenting method also is as slow as "four o'clock," and our whiskeys are aged to a rare mellowness by Time and Nature alone.

We go on the theory that there are enough folks who appreciate our finer kind of whiskey to absorb the limited amount we're able to make at the price we've got to ask.

In the matter of liquor we figure a man is better off to stretch his pennies and enjoy the best, rather than be half-pleased through a greater number of drinks.

Chances are, the man who can't afford that, shouldn't be spending his money for whiskey at all!

If you are one who values true enjoyment more than a few extra pennies per drink, we invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered OLD FITZGERALD for themselves, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Foreign Intrigue (Sheldon Reynolds: United Artists) is splendidly foreign, with its excellent color shots of the Riviera, Vienna and Sweden, but it is no more intriguing than a deciphered cryptogram reading "See Europe this year," or "Having a wonderful spy. Wish you were her." TV's Producer-Writer-Director Reynolds has concocted a cloak-and-dagger stew from his TV program of the same name, tossed sleepy-eyed Robert Mitchum into the cauldron and trusted that the simmering will wake him up. It does not, Mitchum yawningly tangles with a Babel of exotic accents, negligently disposes of spies, counterespies, a treacherous brunette (Genevieve Page), a seducible blonde (Ingrid Tulean). Drones one cobra-suave gumshoe to self-appointed Sleuth Mitchum: "You must be making progress. This morning I was ordered to kill you." Mutters Mitchum to the blonde: "I was lying about some things, but not when I said I loved you."

The plot has something to do with Mitchum's search into the past of his late employer who, it appears, was a big-moola blackmail. Mitchum chases (and is chased) all over Europe before he even digs up this sore-thumb fact, while the blackmail victims—quishlings who never quised because Hitler never got around to invading their countries—earnestly try to bump Mitchum off their vile, traitorous scent. In all, *Foreign Intrigue* rates as the murkiest black-and-white color film of the year, lacking only a chase through sewers to lend it a more poignant aroma.

The Doctors (Kingsley-International) is a French movie in which, as in most movies about doctors and most movies made in France, the part of the anatomy most affected is the heart. Based on André Souhbiran's international best-seller, it tells of a brilliant but cynical Parisian medical student (Raymond Pellegrin) who acquires an understanding heart as a country doctor.

In the picture, as in the novel, the dramatic scalp does not cut very deep. But there are vivid clinical scenes in hospital ward and peasant hovel, touching sequences of the young doctor's struggles with Auvergne's backward farmers, who prefer faith healers to doctors.

All the action is not in the operating rooms. There is the bawdy annual *Bal de l'Internat*, where celebrating medical students display large areas of healthily unsterilized flesh. Nor is the bed reserved exclusively for the patients. On occasion, the doctor is discovered in one too.

Partners (Paramount) is an ironic title for this tame latest in the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis series. For the comedy partners recently announced that they were splitting up—and a good thing, too. A rambunctious blend of gags and nags,



ROBERT MITCHUM
The intrigue shows fatigue.

Partners casts Jerry Lewis as a sort of Tom Mixed-up character, a would-be cowpoke who is given to riding a mechanical horse in his Manhattan mansion. This prone ranger suddenly finds himself a sheriff out west, combating a gang of masked raiders. But, with the help of his singing pardner, Dean Martin, he blunders his way to triumph over the baddies. He falls off a horse, ropes himself with a lariat, spills tobacco when he tries to roll a cigarette. It's like that.

Trigger-quick on wisecracks, some of them corny even for a simple-minded out-



LEWIS, MARTIN & BADDY
The beef brings relief.

er, this horseplay opera is a Technicolor remake of the 1936 Bing Crosby musical, *Rhythm on the Range*. Its chief assets: four new songs by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen, two leading ladies (Lori Nelson and Jackie Loughery), and a personable prize bull named Cuddles, who provides a beefy relief from the Martin and Lewis brand of ham.

Private's Progress (Boulting Bros.: D.C.A.) is a novelty among British war films: instead of focusing on the stiff upper lip of the British Tommy, it tickles his soft underbelly. The film is irreverently dedicated to the goldbricking gladiators of World War II: "To all those who got away with it," adding, "The producers gratefully acknowledge the official cooperation of absolutely nobody."

It is war as a lodehouse. Private Stanley Windrush, played with a slightly pained, Bertie Woosterish expression by Ian Carmichael, progresses erratically from Gravestone Barracks, where he wakes up "feeling a little fragile," to an officers' selection board, where he confounds psychiatrists and loses his pants during an obstacle run. In the course of the hurly-burly, Windrush absorbs some of the rules of artful dodging in the service, e.g., "Never give your right name to anybody; otherwise they've got you." Gets involved in a harebrained "Operation Hattrack" conceived by "Uncle Bertie," otherwise Brigadier General Bertram Tracepuce. Uncle Bertie's scheme: to disguise a platoon of British Tommies as Nazis, send them into Germany to snatch a cache of art treasures which Uncle Bertie plans to sell on the British black market.

U.S. moviegoers may be baffled by private jokes that put Britons in stitches, e.g., a major who abuses underlings by bellowing, "You're an absolute shower!" —an abbreviated allusion to a British army phrase which might be paraphrased as a deluge of offal. But the skilled producer-director-writer team of John and Roy Boulting (*Seven Days to Noon*) keeps all this nonsense spinning along blithely. Has made *Private's Progress* a sort of British-accented Keystone Kaper, with pratfalls, chases and cuties in uniform that any nationality can relish without special training.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable concerning a half-wit girl and a brutal carnival strongman; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish and bouncy musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, expertly played by Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).



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Reappraisal of G.B.S.

The oracular old man in knickerbockers loved controversy, but he might not have liked the one going on in London only six years since his death. To mark the centennial of the birth of the 20th century's No. 1 playwright, wit and sage, London's critics turned their pens to fresh appraisals of George Bernard Shaw. To an extent that aroused passionate Shavians to cries of protest, many of the appraisers found both the man and his works wanting. Sample second thoughts of those who joined in the sport of tearing down:

Oxford Don A. J. P. TAYLOR, in the *Observer*—Sooner or later we must ask—what of Shaw as a writer? Still more, what of Shaw as he claimed to be, a sage and philosopher? Will he last . . . ? Or will he be forgotten like his contemporary Stephen Phillips? . . . Shaw had one superlative quality. He was the greatest arguer there has ever been . . . marvelous over a short distance; but he could not sustain an argument for more than a paragraph . . . On all serious questions Shaw came down firmly on the side of the stronger . . . Even when he glorified a heretic he took care to choose Joan of Arc—some-one safely canonized and not associated with any really dangerous idea . . . Shaw was never unhappy; and therefore he was never happy either. He knew only pleasure, a very different thing. At the end of his life Shaw confessed that he stood for Nothing.

Critic KENNETH TYNAN, also in the *Observer*—He was without doubt a great writer . . . He attempted, and almost pulled off, two mountainous tasks: he cleared the English stage of humbug, and the English mind of cant . . . As a demolition expert he has no rivals; and we are being grossly irrelevant if we ask a demolition expert, when his work is done: "But what have you created?" It is like expecting a bulldozer to build the Tower of Pisa; or condemning a bayonet for not being a plough. Shaw's genius was for intellectual slum-clearance, not for town planning . . . If Chaucer is the father of English literature, Shaw is the spinster aunt. By this I do not mean to imply that he was sexless . . . It is only in his writing that the aunt in him rises up, full of warnings, wagged fingers and brandished umbrellas . . . Shaw was unique. An Irish aunt so gorgeously drunk with wit is something English literature will never see again. But there is fruit for the symbolist in the fact that, prolific as he was, he left no children.

Editor MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE of *Punch*—There can be no question . . . about Shaw's immense talent as a writer and as a controversialist. His comedies will go on being played as long as Sheridan's or Wilde's; his prose . . . is still pleasurable



CONTRIVERSIALIST SHAW
An Irish aunt drunk with wit.

to read . . . As long as he was alive the effervescence of his wit, and the carefully cultivated attractiveness of his Irish accent and appearance . . . obscured the essential disparity between what he preached and what he practiced. He was, in fact, a humbug; and though, heaven knows, at different times many humbugs have been adulated, they are rarely much regarded in posthumous retrospect. Thus Shaw was a Fabian Socialist who grovelled indiscriminately before Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini; an advocate of equality of income who ceaselessly complained about super-tax; an ardent opponent of vivisection

who found no difficulty in condoning, and even applauding, purges, deportations and . . . other terroristic practices . . . The thought of killing an animal for food or sport appalled him; the thought of killing a man for an idea gave him no unease . . . Posterity will judge him less ebulliently than did his contemporaries while he was alive, and less coldly than they have after his death.

W. A. DARLINGTON, in the *Daily Telegraph*—Shaw was one of the great men of his time, but lacking in humanity.

THE TIMES OF LONDON—Shaw, during the whole of his creative life (which perhaps ended somewhere in the 1920's) yielded himself unreservedly to the passion of which he could give no account. It aimed him at an objective dismally called world betterment, but it made him vivacious, courageous and pertinacious . . . It is natural that theatrical enthusiasm for the plays should have cooled a little since his death, but . . . the best of them are established as classics . . . It is even more natural that interest in the man and his iconoclastic opinions should have declined. For his continually changing legend had assumed in the end truly daunting proportions. The new generation has hesitated to lose itself in the apparently endless political, economic, theatrical and personal ramifications of Shavianism.

The urge to reassess a man who had made such a tremendous impact on his time was inevitable. Also inevitable: the rebuttal. "The fact that he became a travesty of himself in his decline is no reason why his achievements as critic playwright, prosewriter, politician, debater and conversationalist should now be obscured," wrote the *Spectator's* critic Brian Inglis. And there were dozens of angry Shaw disciples preparing to put it a lot more strongly than that.

Poisoned Welsh Rabbit

A MAN'S ESTATE (279 pp.)—Emyr Humphreys—McGraw-Hill (\$3.75).

Lloyd George knew my father,
Father knew Lloyd George.

This song, sung to the tune of *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, was chorused by Welsh Laborites after World War I when they wanted to deride the chapel-bound piety of the Liberal Party, whose politicians were then riding high on the swallowtails of "the man who won the war."

It might well be the theme of Emyr Humphreys' fine novel, *Elis Felix Elis*, M.P., once had Lloyd George for the weekend at his family home, the biggest house in Pennant, North Wales. But Elis died at 40 before this rich political promise could be fulfilled. In Pennant, whose wet, cobbled streets may remind readers of Dylan Thomas' "Llareggub," Elis left behind a poisoned Welsh rabbit of hatred, and a family—legitimate and illegitimate—hopelessly trying to evoke their true spirits by rapping on the tables of consanguinity.

The form is reminiscent of John O'Hara's *Ten North Frederick* (TIME,



NOVELIST HUMPHREYS
An eisteddfod at Llareggub.

* Stephen Phillips (1868-1915), English poet (*Christ in Hades*), dramatist (*Paulo and Francesca*) and onetime actor, flared brilliantly as the leader of poetic drama in England for ten years; faded into obscurity after 1906.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

Japan gets Far East's first nuclear reactor

Research in peaceful applications of nuclear energy to begin early next year.

The Atomic Energy Research Institute of Japan has selected ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL, a division of North American Aviation, Inc., to build a nuclear reactor for research in the peaceful uses of the atom. To be located near Tokyo, the first reactor for the Far East is now in construction and will be in operation in less than a year.

The new reactor will be used by the Atomic Energy Research Institute—a non-profit foundation sponsored by Japanese government and industry—in several areas of study. These include medical research, food preservation, drug sterilization, production of radioisotopes, research and study in reactor techniques. Scientists will also investigate the effect of radiation on plastics, rubber and similar materials; the fields of botany, biology and agriculture.

Clear Skies. The new reactor for Japan employs a unique ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL design which prevents the discharge of any radioactive gases or other fission products into the atmosphere. Instead, in this advanced unit, the gases are retained inside the system where they are circulated and recombined. This has the added advantage of allowing longer

"mileage" from the nuclear fuel solution, and further provides a source of neutron-free gamma rays, essential in medical and scientific research.

Dividends from a Nuclear Bank. The heart of this nuclear reactor is a stainless steel sphere about a foot in diameter called the "core." It will use about 2½ pounds of nuclear fuel in about four gal-

California university Medical Center.

In the Santa Susana Mountains 30 miles north of Los Angeles, the Sodium Reactor Experiment is now under construction. Designed by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL as part of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission's program to develop economical commercial power from the atom, this reactor is scheduled to be



REACTOR FOR THEIR HOMELAND

Susumu Suguri and Kiyooki Taketani, Japanese scientists, inspect model of nuclear reactor to be built near Tokyo.

lons of water. Arrangements for the fuel will be made between the governments of Japan and the United States. As controlled atomic fission takes place, the uranium atom is split, producing heat and releasing gamma rays and neutrons. Putting these products to work for industrial, medical and scientific research is the purpose of Japan's reactor.

Atomics International at Home. For over 10 years ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL has been engaged in the design, development and construction of nuclear reactors for medical, industrial and scientific research, and for the production of power.

An industrial research reactor, similar to the one being built for Japan, is now in operation at the Armour Research Foundation of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago.

The first nuclear reactor devoted to cancer and other medical research and treatment has been designed by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL for a leading southern

completed late this year. The Southern California Edison Company will install a turbogenerator to convert the heat from the reactor to electricity for domestic and industrial uses. Design studies have been completed for a full scale sodium graphite reactor to produce 75,000 kilowatts of electric power.

Atomics International is technically equipped and staffed to serve you in any phase of reactor development, either for research or power production. Over 1200 people, especially trained in this important field, are employed by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL. Whether you need preliminary consultation or a ready-to-run, completely engineered and built reactor—in this country or abroad—your inquiries are welcome. Please write: Director of Technical Sales, Dept. T-4, ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 309, Canoga Park, California... in the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Cable address: "ATOMICS."



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Nov. 28, 1955), i.e., it centers on the funeral of a town's leading citizen, and each character is permitted his own piece—but Novelist Humphreys gives an extra dimension, in compassion and poetry, which O'Hara's cold-eyed approach denies him.

The main characters are Hannah Elis, bitter, spinster daughter of the late great M.P. She hates her grim, mustachioed mother and her cold, Bible-reading uncle-stepfather, who together run the biggest farm and shop and all the morals of Pennant. She longs for the love of Idris Powell, the young minister of the ruling chapel; but he, alas, becomes disgracefully snarled up in an affair with her "chance-child" half sister, Ada Evans, a spirited young woman who never goes to chapel. In the end it is her brother Philip Esmer-Elis who liberates Hannah. He had been "sent away" at birth, returned hating the "sadistic Calvinists and hypocrites" of Pennant. He is an "intellectual barbarian" who wants his inheritance in cash, but stays long enough to fall in love with the Welsh countryside and to acquire pity for his twisted sister.

There is madness, near incest, suicide and murder in this novel. Humphreys acquired a Welsh eloquence in Flintshire, North Wales, where he was born, and generously distributes it among his characters. And he has an ear for pitch that would make him a good judge at a bardic contest at an *eisteddfod*. His grim village of Pennant, however, will set no tourists searching for its actual counterpart.

Sour Orange Juice

A DEVIL IN PARADISE (128 pp.)—Henry Miller—*New American Library* (25f).

"With Moricand I entered new waters. Moricand was not only an astrologer and a scholar steeped in the hermetic philosophies, but an occultist. . . . Rather tall, well built, broad-shouldered, heavy and slow in his movements, he might have been taken for a descendant of the American Indian family. . . . Perhaps the closest description I can give of him at the outset of our acquaintance is that of a Stoic dragging his tomb about with him."

Thus, with a bright spurt of one of the most carefully studied literary talents of the century, Author Henry Miller admits readers into his own first meeting with Conrad Moricand, Conrad must be conceded to be one of the least lovely characters of modern times. He was an astrologer, drug addict, scholar, louse, lamprey or—to reduce it all to Miller's own explicit prose—a "phony bastard."

This book is an advance segment of the memoirs of the occasionally printable author of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*, and it makes a readable, sometimes hilarious appetizer to a more thorough work scheduled to come out early next year under the title *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*.

Lamprey Moricand attached himself to Miller in Paris in 1936. Once he had been rich, but by then he was destitute, his only assets being the fine art of conversation and the black art of astrology. Miller



Larry Colwell

AUTHOR MILLER

The loony lamprey was a louse.

gave him minute sums of money, and served him up as a dinner-table oddity among the bohemian intellectuals and expatriates. Miller also got him astrological commissions among his friends and, when friends ran short, invented imaginary characters for whom Moricand would supply horoscopes. It proved to be an expensive game.

After the war Moricand scouted out Miller's place of rest in California. Miller was living precariously in a cabin above the cliffs at Big Sur with a young wife (his third), a small daughter, a plenitude of unpaid bills and an uncertain future. Nevertheless, he scraped together the money to fetch the moribund Moricand from his rats' castle in Switzerland to the solitude of Miller's own Walden Pond (the Pacific Ocean). Moricand saluted Miller, systematically went about the business of making himself master in Miller's house. He became Mrs. Miller's ally in her daily quarrels with Miller. He demanded *gauloises bleues* cigarettes, special tooth powder of pumice, writing paper of a special shape. He refused to be pacified by the Pacific, and he plugged his airless room so that no fresh air could leak in. Finally, he demanded drugs.

Moricand contributed to the household only one tangible asset, a collection of his exquisitely detailed pornographic drawings. But he declined to sell them to Hollywood connoisseurs. Miller's friends advised him to get rid of his incubus, but Moricand insisted on regarding the papers Miller had signed to get the man into the U.S. as a moral and legal obligation upon Miller to support him.

After three months Miller purged his household of Conrad—but not before the Man Who Came to Dinner had worsened Miller's relations with his wife, urged stern discipline for Miller's daughter, plunged Miller into combat with his best friends, and got himself deported back to France.

As a parting gesture, Moricand pronounced a curse on Miller.

"That is not a friend," a mutual acquaintance consoled Miller. "That is a living corpse." The living corpse ceased living in a charity hospital on Aug. 31, 1954. "He was alone like a rat," reports Miller with relief—but also with a tinge of regret.

Conservatism Revisited

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE (339 pp.)—Russell Kirk—Henry Regnery (\$4.50).

Like a lot of intellectuals who worry professionally about the state of the world, Historian Russell Kirk does not much like the shape of things. In *The Conservative Mind* (TIME, July 6, 1953), he made it plain that American conservatives had found a gifted and sorely needed spokesman. He is young (37), he can write hard-hitting prose, he is not ashamed to range himself on the side of God, custom and character, and he believes strongly in such old-fashioned virtues as duty and responsibility. His book of essays, *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, ranges in subject matter from censorship to the ugliness of British welfare-state housing, but it has a sense of unity nevertheless. Kirk has a line and it is simply this: no political nostrum can cope with the unease of modern life. Modern man must keep what is best from the past and leave it with personal integrity and a belief in God.

Kirk is no reactionary, is in fact considerably more liberal than many self-proclaimed liberals. But he is rightly impatient with those intellectuals who assume "that we were all born yesterday, and that a vulgar pragmatism ought to supplant the bank and capital of traditional wisdom." Like most honest thinkers, he values the best of man's past and rebels against the notion "that the end of man is gratification of carnal appetite." He is convinced that the "social order now exhibits the symptoms of advanced decay" and is moving into "an Age of Gluttony." Who is to check the deterioration? Not, thinks Kirk, the materialistic liberals who, like the old Russian intellectuals, thought they were emancipated when "they were merely unbuttoned." He thinks it is a job for conservatives, and that the U.S. is the strongest bastion of conservatism left in the world.

Ideologies are anathema to Kirk, but he is also disturbed by the U.S. habits of "getting and spending." Here he becomes somewhat vague, as if he chose to ignore the fact that the good and full life can at the same time be a prosperous life. But he is most irked by the whining sort of U.S. intellectual who sets himself apart, "a species of dilettante who prides himself on being different, for no particular reason and with no particular duties." The men of this breed must find Kirk a very peculiar intellectual indeed. Can he mean it when he writes that "for the Christian, freedom is submission to the will of God"? Kirk does mean it, and this is no paradox. "We are free in proportion



"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

Miss Gottlebee is away this week. (Mumps!) But the monthly statements must go out. J. P. Grieving, Pres. and Gen. Mgr., has been licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps all afternoon . . . So now we have another hot prospect for a DM, the desk model postage meter . . .

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as we recognize our real duties and our real limitations."

Kirk is too well aware of the imperfect nature of man to suppose that the world's happiness is just around the corner. He can hardly be called an optimist, and he suffers from the built-in defect of all who distrust specific programs—he has none of his own to propose. But he has faith in the accumulated wisdom of the past, in the ultimate integrity of the individual, in a relationship between God and man that will give life a meaning it cannot otherwise have.

That Old Devil Sex

BITTER HONEYMOON (221 pp.)—Alber-
to Moravia—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
(\$3.50).

The books and stories of Italy's Alberto Moravia are battlegrounds, the troops men and women. No other living writer can make the battle of the sexes seem so grueling a fight to the finish. *Bitter Honeymoon* contains eight stories, and like most of Moravia's writing they raise an interesting question about the author: Does he really know a lot about women, or is he just terribly afraid of them? Probably the answer is: both. He knows them well enough to make male readers remember their own worst defeats, to convince women that he has no business exposing their most appalling characteristics. One thing is certain: to Moravia love and sex are indispensable tortures.

In the title story, the honeymooners are really duellists. This is their second day on Anacapri, and poor Giacomo has got nowhere. When he asks for a kiss, he gets a peck on the cheek. Simona keeps promising better things, but it is plain that she is somehow frightened or not really in love or both. To make matters worse, she is a Communist, and Giacomo is not at all interested in politics. When they run across one of Simona's party pals, jealousy is added to discontent. That night, when the marriage is consummated, it is as though two well-meaning but puzzled strangers had finally agreed to agree for lack of anything better to do.

For Author Moravia, the ending of *Bitter Honeymoon* is an uncommonly tender solution. More typical is *Back to the Sea*. Here Lorenzo, the husband, is the tortured chap whose marriage is one continual snub from his wife. She doesn't love him and never did. She has taken on a whole string of lovers. Lorenzo knows all this but knowing it only helps to heighten his infatuation. On a picnic by the sea, he tries to win her affection, then tries to take her by force, but he realizes that having her that way would really be a defeat. When she drives off in their car, leaving him stranded, he goes wading along the shore that was a wartime beach and is blown up by a mine. This, Moravia seems to say, is more merciful all around.

So it goes. Sex is sickness, love is a torment. A lesser writer could not get away with such loaded dice, but Moravia is a first-rate craftsman and he can make the reader squirm along with his characters.

MISCELLANY

Joy Unconfined. In Blair, Neb., the weekly *Enterprise* carried a classified ad: "Lost: light blue dress night of Share-the-Fun Contest."

For This Relief . . . In Thousand Oaks, Calif., ailing E. E. Brossard, 71, agreed to submit to a rubdown from two professed faith healers who promised it would make him "feel relieved," found after the massagers left that they had relieved him of his wallet and \$800.

Consumer Reaction. In Hollywood, goaded by the sight of glittering new Oldsmobiles in an auto agency, unemployed Painter Clifford Frazier wheeled his dilapidated 1951 Chevrolet through the showroom window, smashed against a new Holiday sedan, explained: "I was mad at the world."

Bell Boy. In Stubbs Bay, Minn., when exasperated residents demanded to know why he drove through the town in an ancient hearse and clanged a locomotive bell each day at 6 a.m., noon, 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., Farm Caretaker Tom Riley, 73, explained: "A fellow ought to have some fun before he dies."

Striking Home. In East Chicago, Ind., a constituent asked Mayor Walter M. Jeorse to get a job for his steel-striker brother-in-law, explaining: "He supports my mother-in-law, and if he doesn't, I've got to."

Problem Drinker. In San Francisco, after a doctor got her tongue unstuck from a pop bottle, nine-year-old Kathleen Owens asked for the bottle, explained: "It isn't empty and I'm still thirsty."

Rock of Ages. In Lancaster, Wis., Newcombe Watchorn, 85, got a divorce on the grounds that his wife said she was 61 years old when she was really 71, explained he found her true birth date on the tombstone of her previous husband.

Civil Defense. In East Los Angeles, after alarmed residents reported an explosion, six patrol cars, a detective car, an ambulance and six fire engines raced to the blast area, found Motorist Anthony Gams standing beside his 1947 Chrysler inspecting a blown-out tire.

Two-Time Loser. In Chicago, after Paul E. Bell placed a bet, the bookie identified himself as a detective and the horse, So Bet Me, fell dead in the race.

Flattop's Boy. In Trenton, Tenn., after an eight-hour police inspection, Minneapolis Tourist John Sward was allowed to proceed south in his 1942 Oldsmobile equipped with hot plate, fully stocked icebox, cooking utensils, groceries, bed, solar-heated water tank, showerbath, and, lashed to the roof, a bicycle for use in case of breakdowns.



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Sheraton Plaza

WASHINGTON
Sheraton-Carlton
Sheraton-Park

PITTSBURGH
Penn-Sheraton

BALTIMORE
Sheraton-Belvedere
PHILADELPHIA
Sheraton Hotel
Opens 1957

PROVIDENCE

Sheraton-Biltmore
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sheraton-Kimball

ALBANY
Sheraton-Ten Eyck
ROCHESTER
Sheraton Hotel
BUFFALO
Sheraton Hotel

MIDWESTERN DIV.

CHICAGO
Sheraton-Blackstone
Sheraton Hotel

DETROIT
Sheraton-Cadillac
Opens 1959

CINCINNATI
Sheraton-Gibson

ST. LOUIS

Sheraton-Jefferson
OMAHA
Sheraton-Fontenelle

LOUISVILLE
Sheraton-Seelbach
DALLAS
Sheraton Hotel
Opens 1959

and other Midwest cities

AKRON

Sheraton-Mayflower
INDIANAPOLIS
Sheraton-Lincoln

FRENCH LICK, Ind.
French Lick-Sheraton

PACIFIC DIV.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sheraton-Palace

LOS ANGELES
Sheraton-Town House

PASADENA
Huntington-Sheraton

CANADIAN DIV.

MONTREAL
Sheraton-Mt. Royal
The Laurentian

TORONTO
King Edward Sheraton
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.
Sheraton-Brock
HAMILTON, Ont.
Royal Connaught